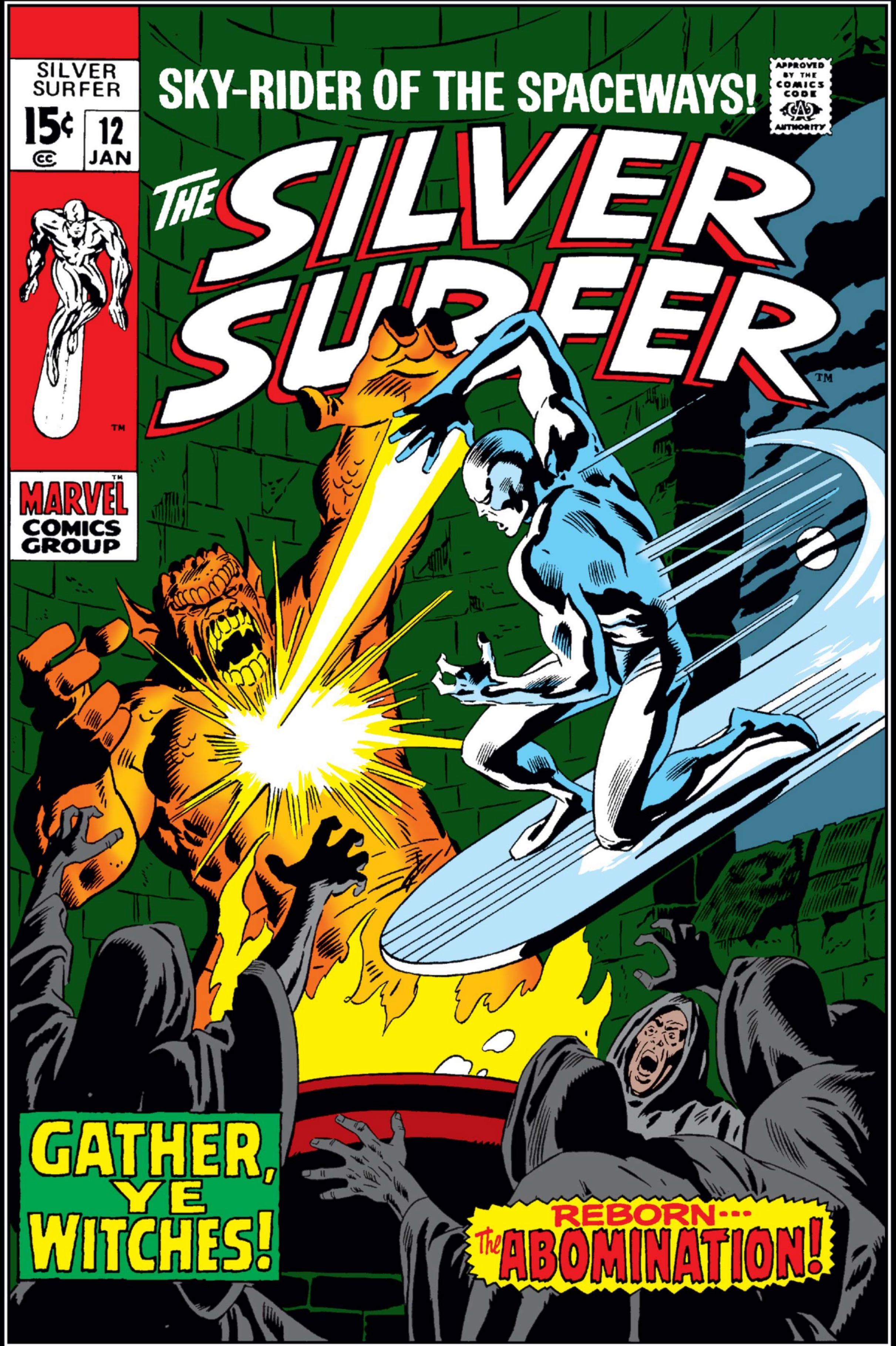
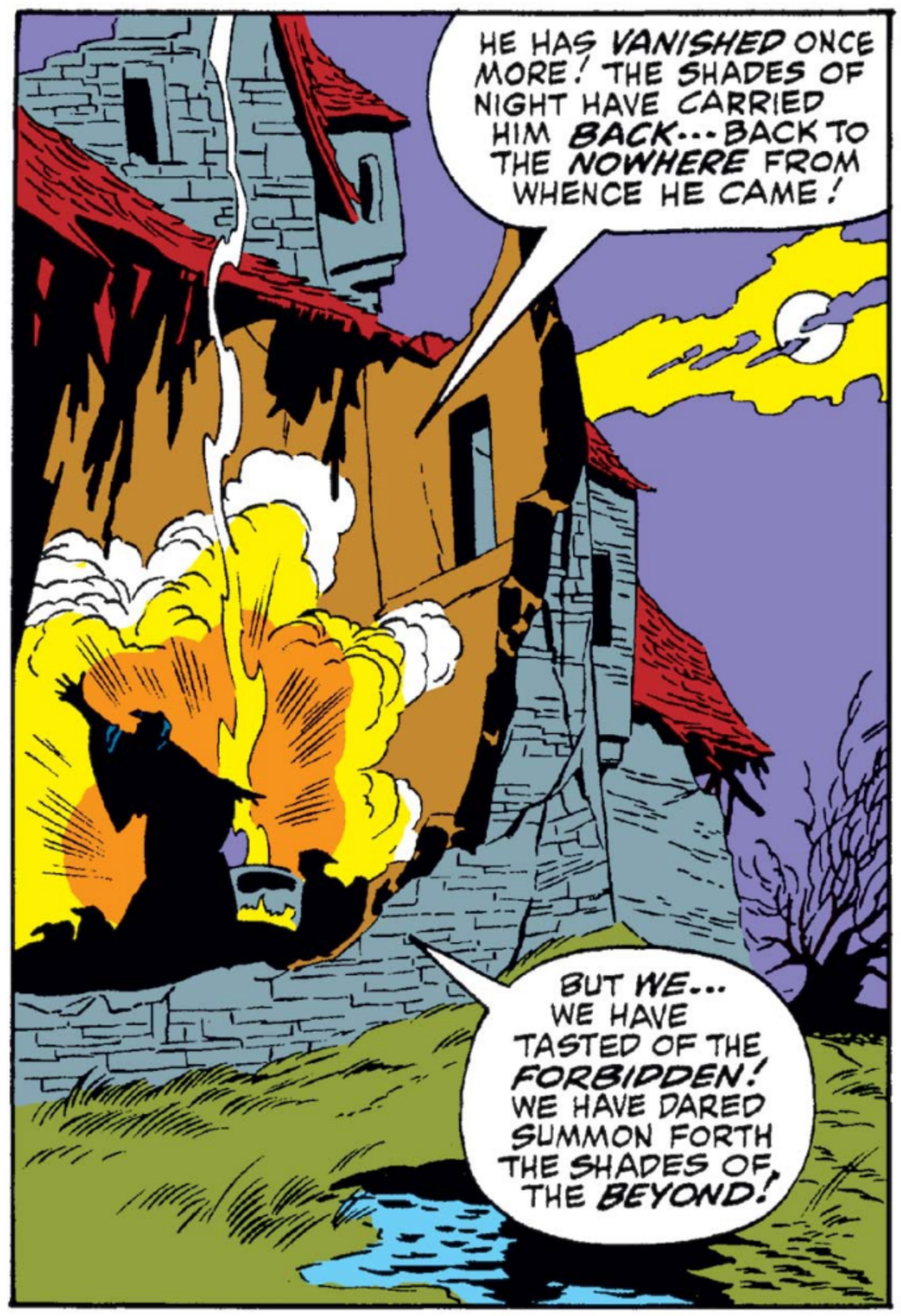

SILVER SURFER
15¢
12
JAN
SKY-RIDER OF THE SPACEWAYS!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE SILVER SURFER
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
GATHER, YE WITCHES!
REBORN--- The ABOMINATION!

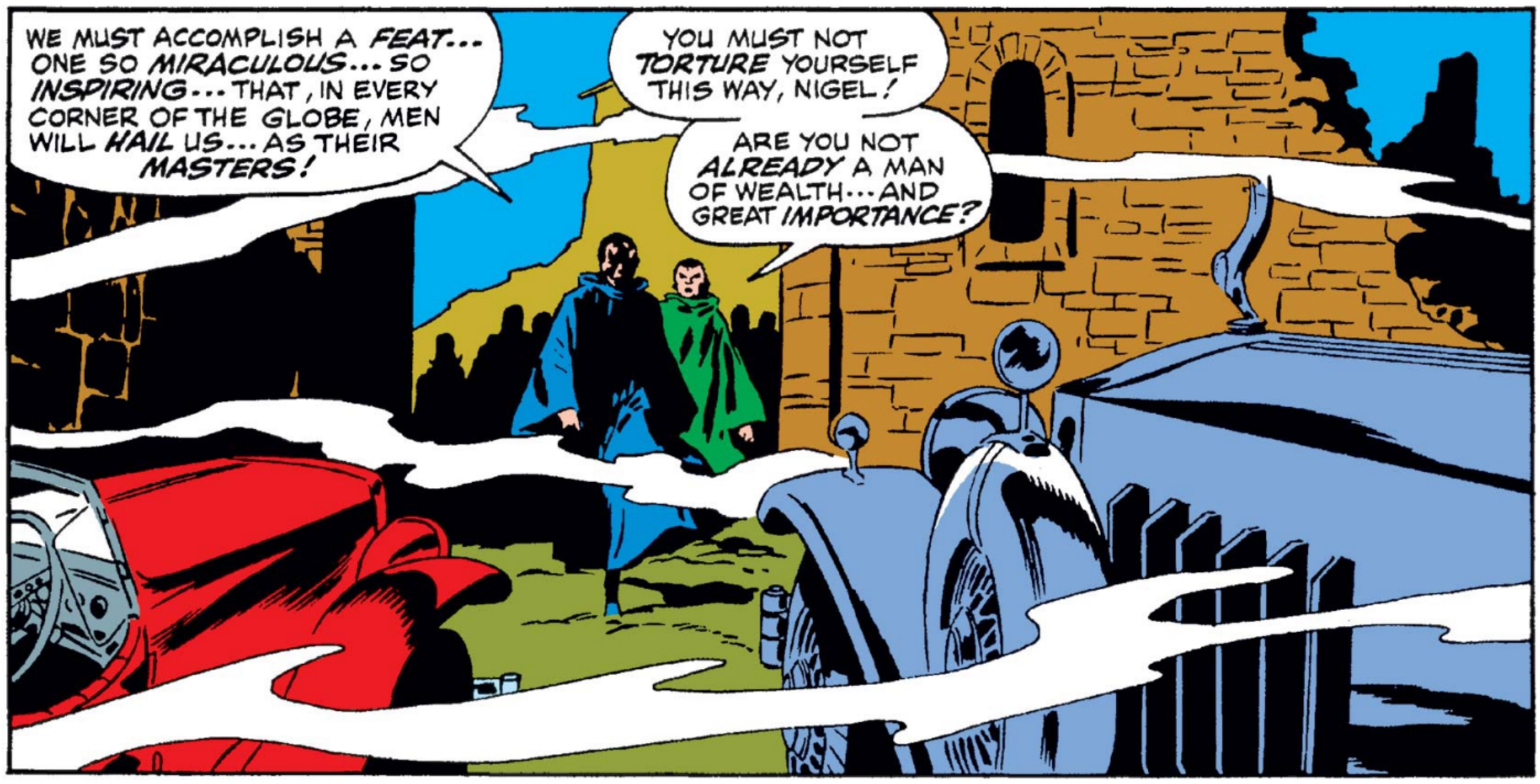
© 2019 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

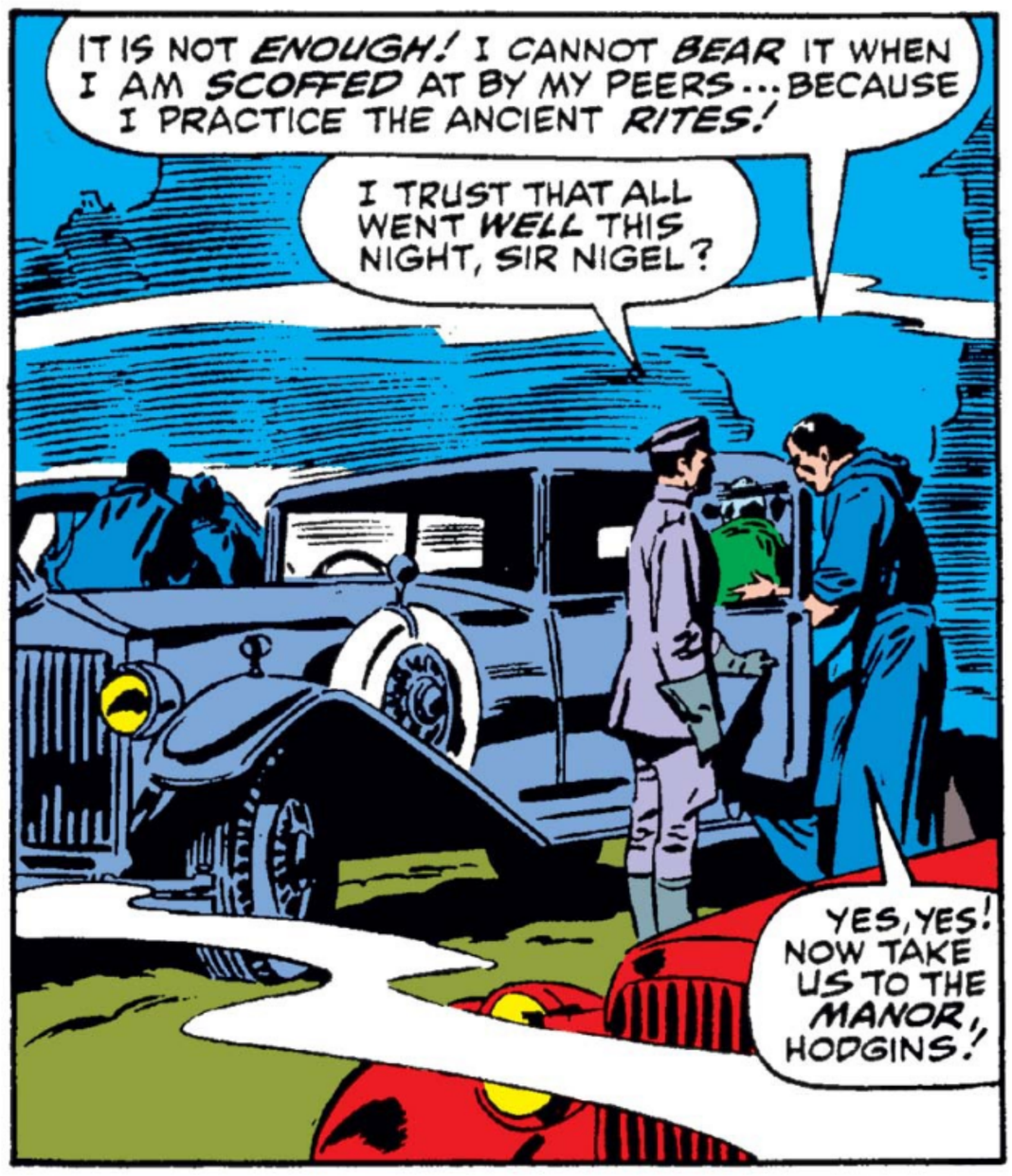
WARLOCKS AND WITCHES ASSEMBLED... BEHOLD! THE WRAITH! THE WRAITH!
THE SPELL IS CAST! THE MASS BEGUN! THE FIRST IS LAST! THE DEED IS DONE!


HE HAS VANISHED ONCE MORE! THE SHADES OF NIGHT HAVE CARRIED HIM BACK... BACK TO THE NOWHERE FROM WHENCE HE CAME!
BUT WE... WE HAVE TASTED OF THE FORBIDDEN! WE HAVE DARED SUMMON FORTH THE SHADES OF THE BEYOND!

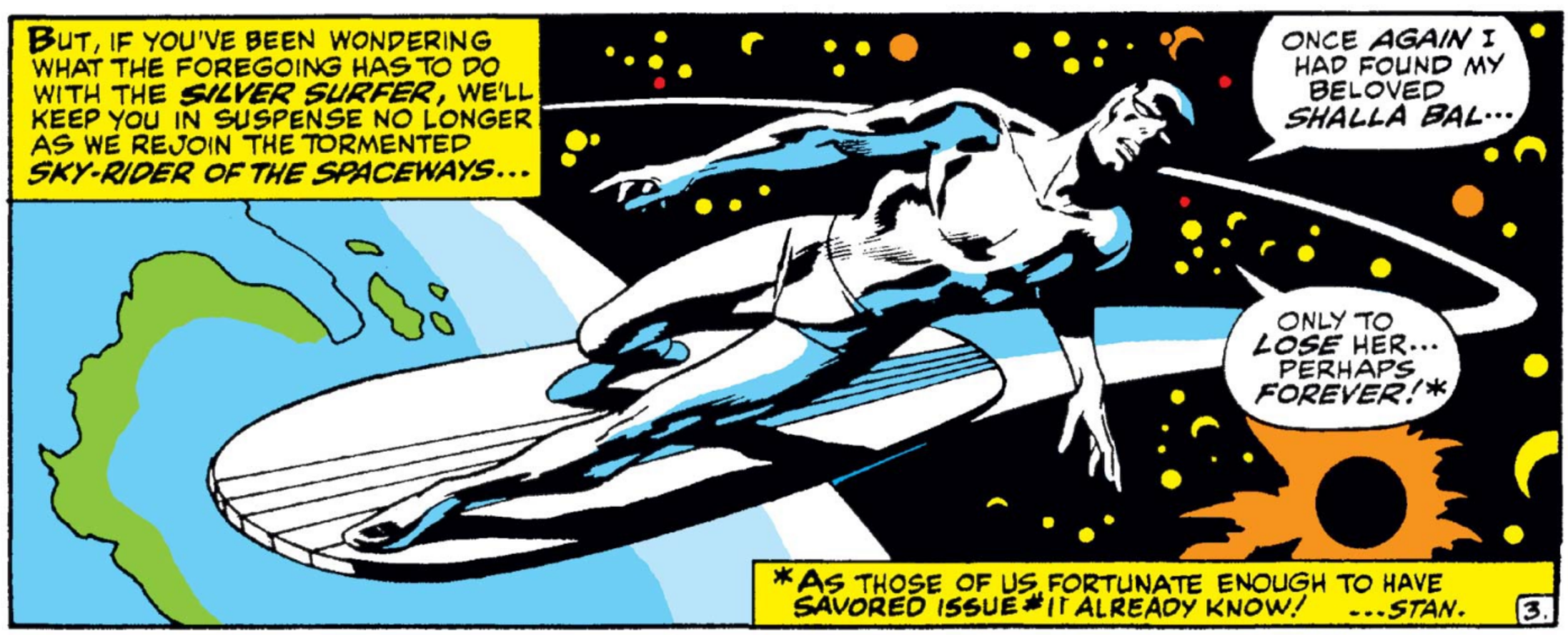
I AM PROUD OF YOU, MY HUSBAND! THIS HAS BEEN YOUR GREATEST FEAT!
NONE OTHER COULD HAVE SERVED SO WELL... AS WARLOCK PRIME!
BUT STILL WE MEET IN SECRET! STILL WE MUST HIDE FROM THE TAUNTS OF A DISBELIEVING WORLD!

MANKIND THINKS US FOOLS... OR WORSE! WE... WE WHO PRACTICE THE ANCIENT AND MYSTIC ARTS! WE, WHO DARE TO HURL ASIDE THE VEIL OF ENCHANTMENT... TO PROBE THE SECRETS OF ANCIENT SORCERY!
SOME DAY THEY WILL KNOW... AND UNDERSTAND!
I HAVE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! WE MUST PROVE THAT THE KNOWLEDGE IS OURS... THE POWER IS OURS!


WE MUST ACCOMPLISH A FEAT... ONE SO MIRACULOUS... SO INSPIRING... THAT, IN EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE, MEN WILL HAIL US... AS THEIR MASTERS!
YOU MUST NOT TORTURE YOURSELF THIS WAY, NIGEL!
ARE YOU NOT ALREADY A MAN OF WEALTH... AND GREAT IMPORTANCE?


IT IS NOT ENOUGH! I CANNOT BEAR IT WHEN I AM SCOFFED AT BY MY PEERS... BECAUSE I PRACTICE THE ANCIENT RITES!
I TRUST THAT ALL WENT WELL THIS NIGHT, SIR NIGEL?
YES, YES! NOW TAKE US TO THE MANOR, HODGINS!

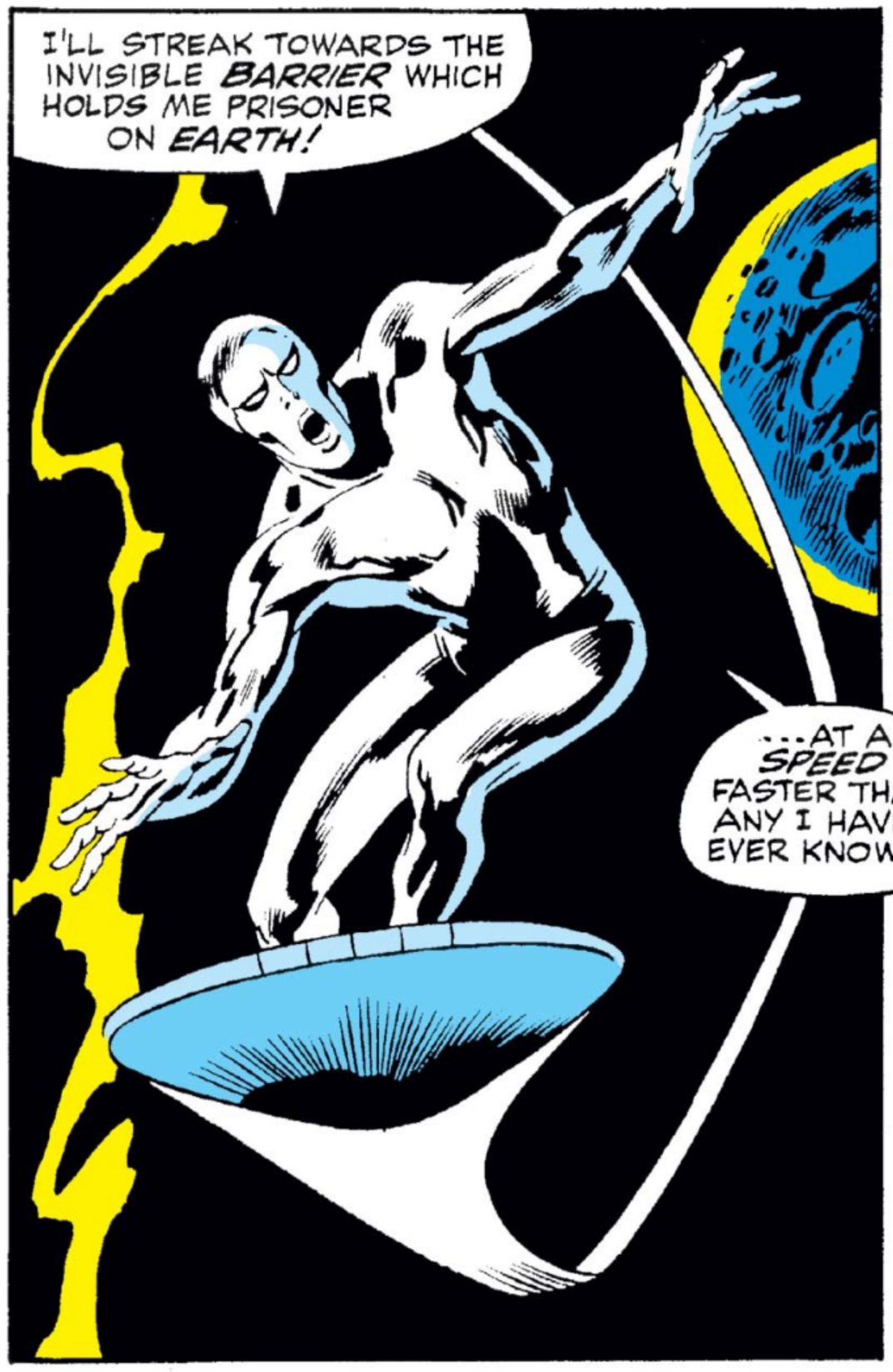
SOMETIMES... I WORRY ABOUT YOU! THIS STARTED AS A HOBBY... A CASUAL AMUSEMENT FOR YOU... BUT NOW...
NOW... THE PRACTICE OF WITCHCRAFT HAS BECOME MY VERY LIFE!
AND NONE WILL MOCK ME... DO YOU HEAR? NONE! NONE!

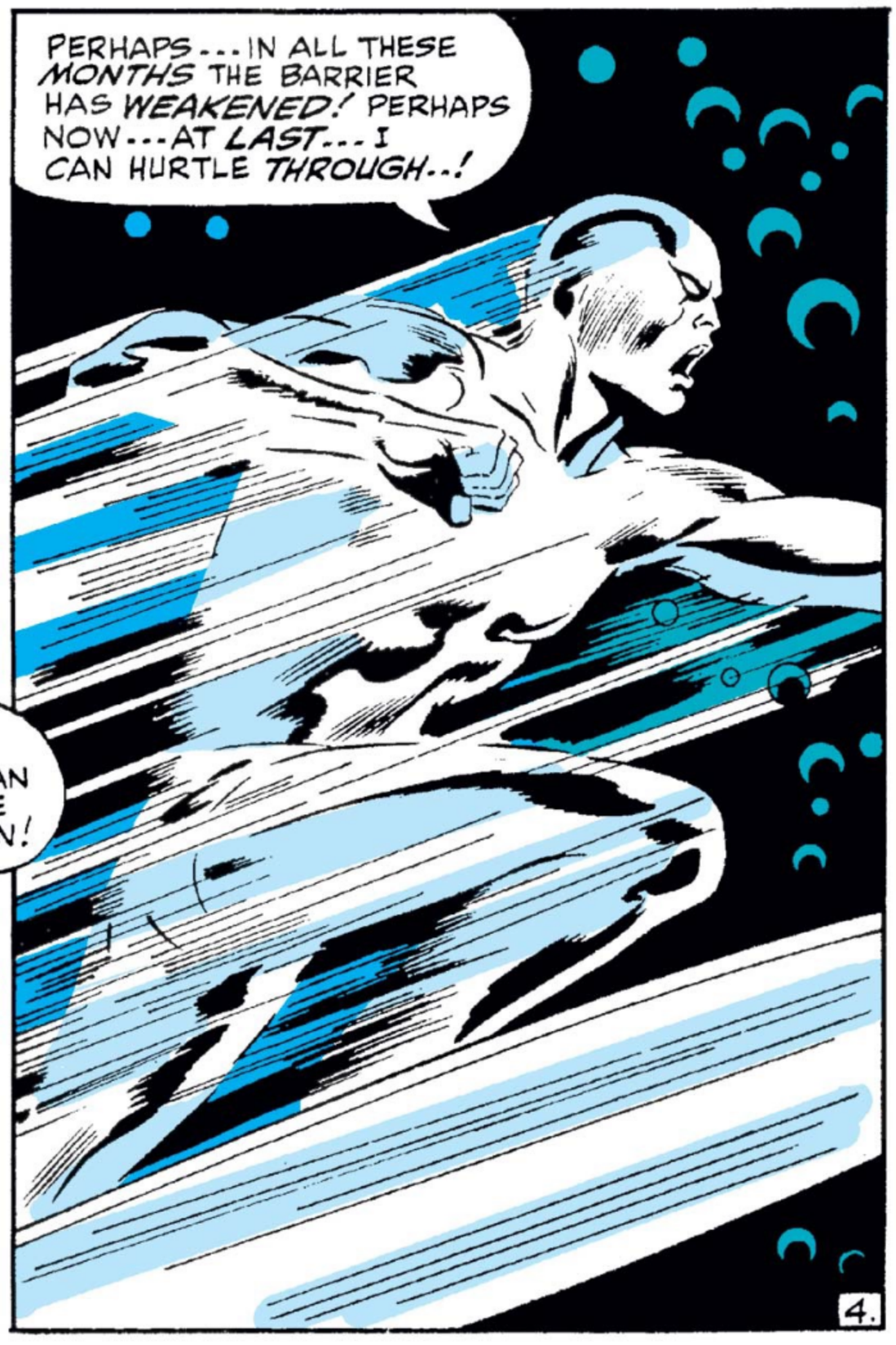

BUT, IF YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT THE FOREGOING HAS TO DO WITH THE SILVER SURFER, WE'LL KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE NO LONGER AS WE REJOIN THE TORMENTED SKY-RIDER OF THE SPACEWAYS...
ONCE AGAIN I HAD FOUND MY BELOVED SHALLA BAL...
ONLY TO LOSE HER... PERHAPS FOREVER!*
*AS THOSE OF US FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE SAVORED ISSUE #1 IT ALREADY KNOW! ...STAN.
3.

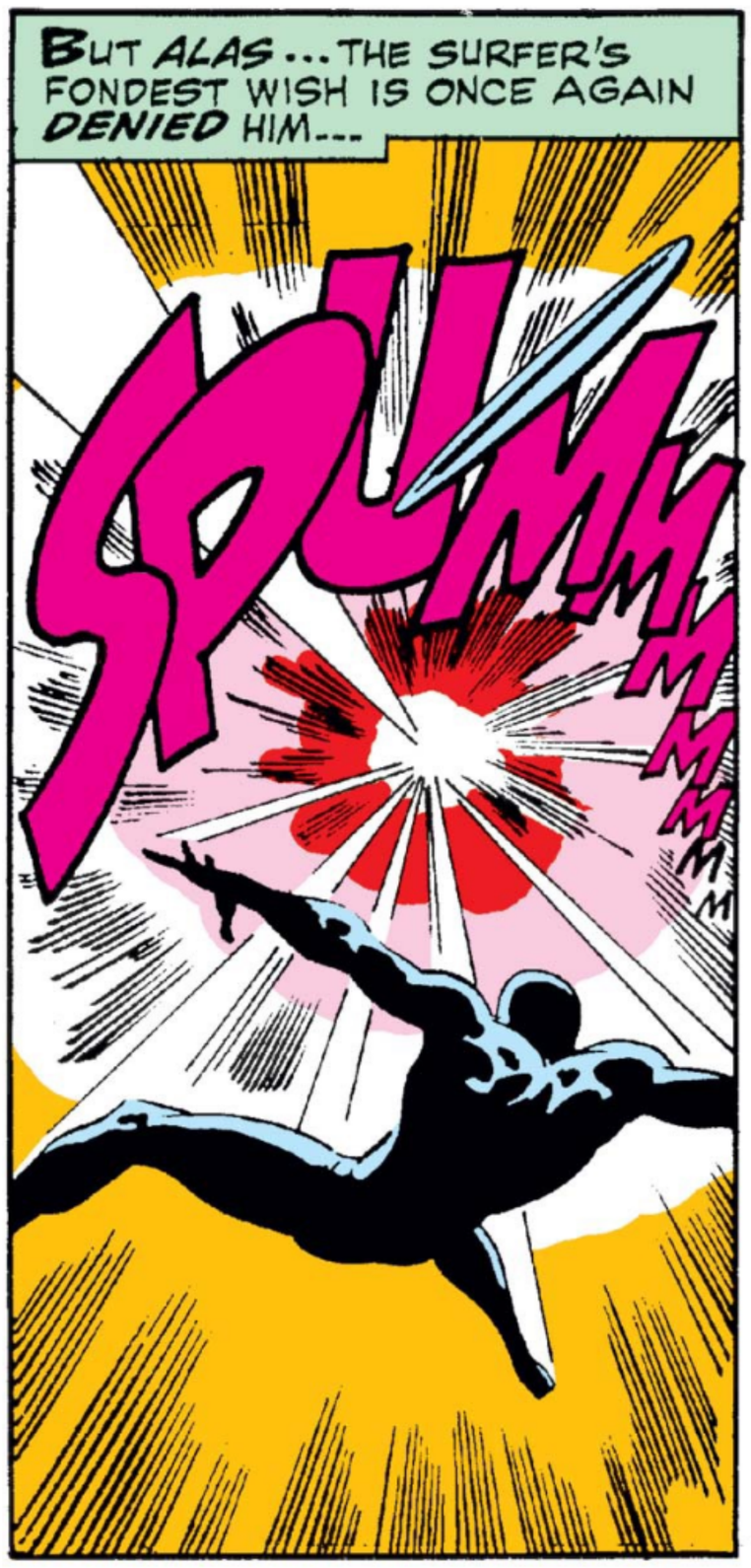
ONLY ON THE PLANET ZENN-LA COULD HER DEADLY WOUND BE HEALED!

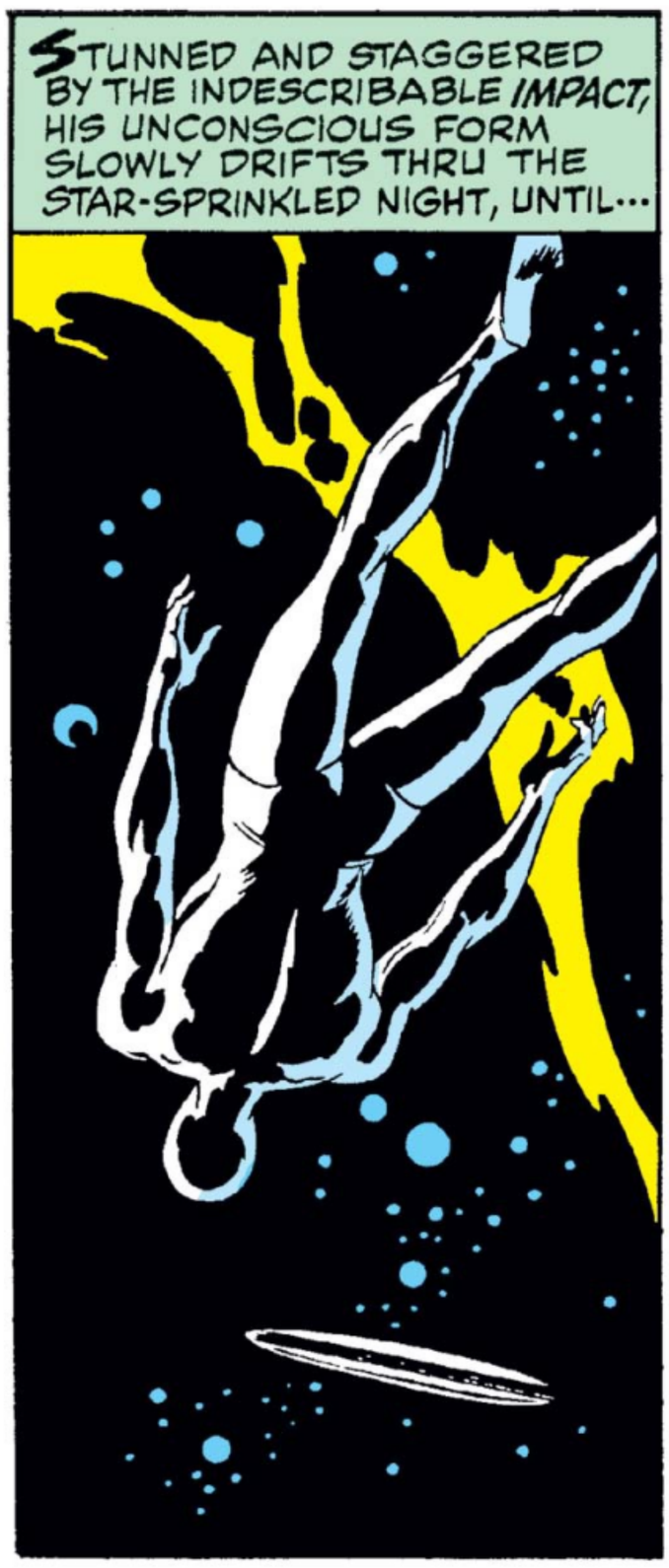
AND SO, I HAD TO SEND HER FROM ME... BACK TO THE WORLD THAT HAD SPAWNED US BOTH... THE WORLD WHICH IS FOREVER DENIED ME!

BUT I MUST RETURN! I MUST LEARN OF HER FATE!
I MUST FIND A WAY...TO REJOIN HER ONCE MORE!

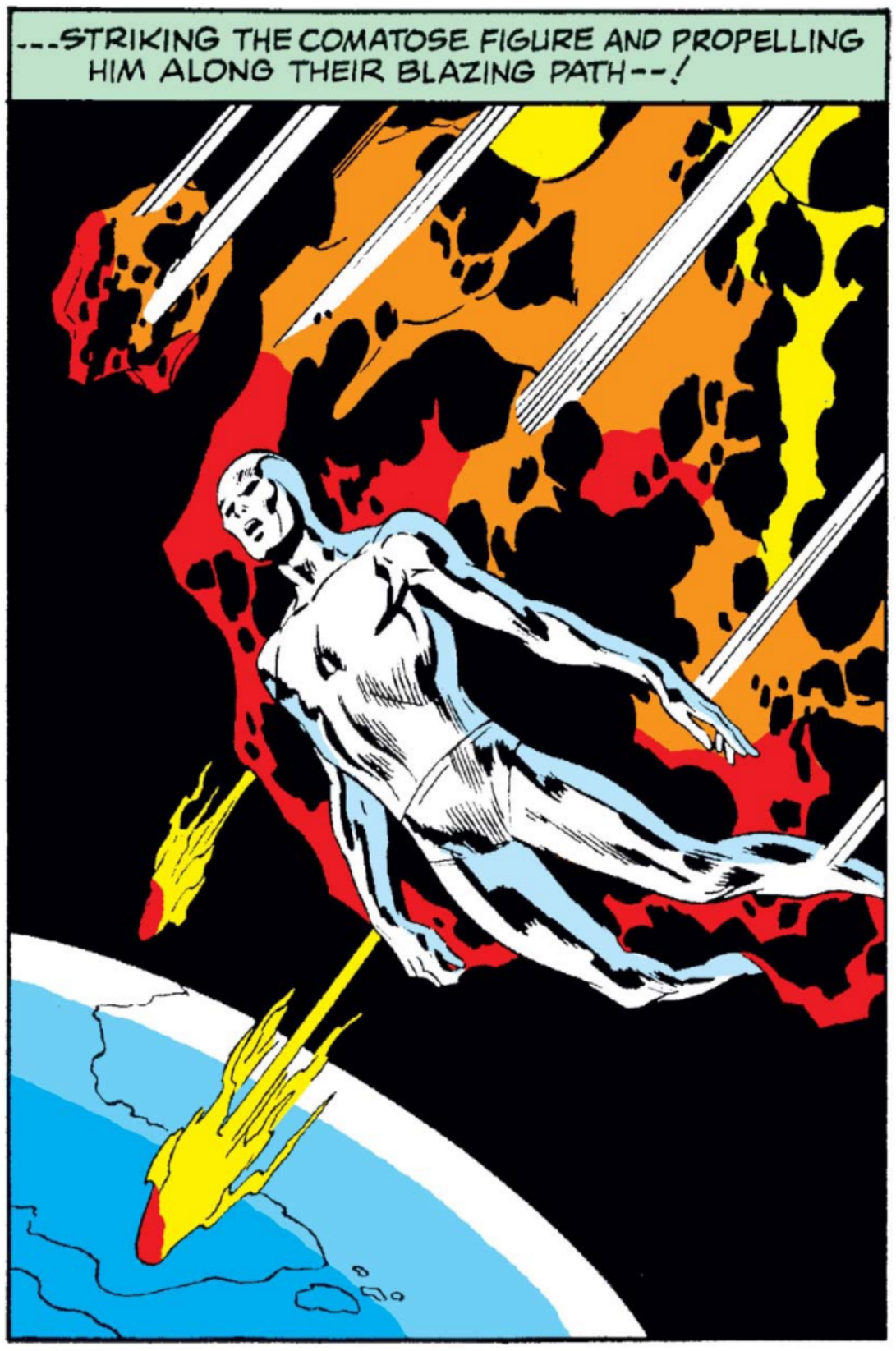

I'LL STREAK TOWARDS THE INVISIBLE BARRIER WHICH HOLDS ME PRISONER ON EARTH!
...AT A SPEED FASTER THAN ANY I HAVE EVER KNOWN!


PERHAPS... IN ALL THESE MONTHS THE BARRIER HAS WEAKENED! PERHAPS NOW...AT LAST... I CAN HURTLE THROUGH..!

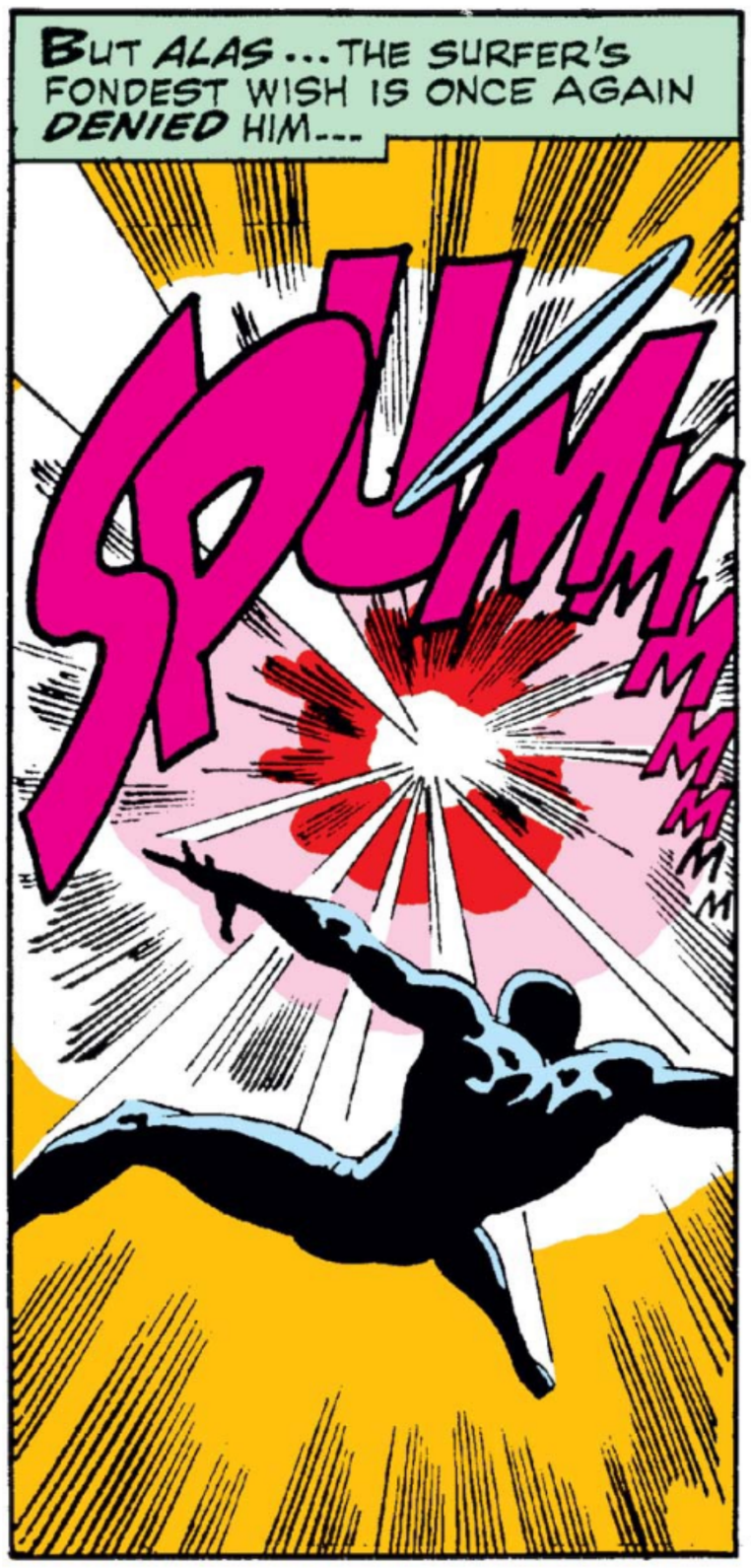

BUT ALAS ... THE SURFER'S FONDEST WISH IS ONCE AGAIN DENIED HIM---
SOUMMM

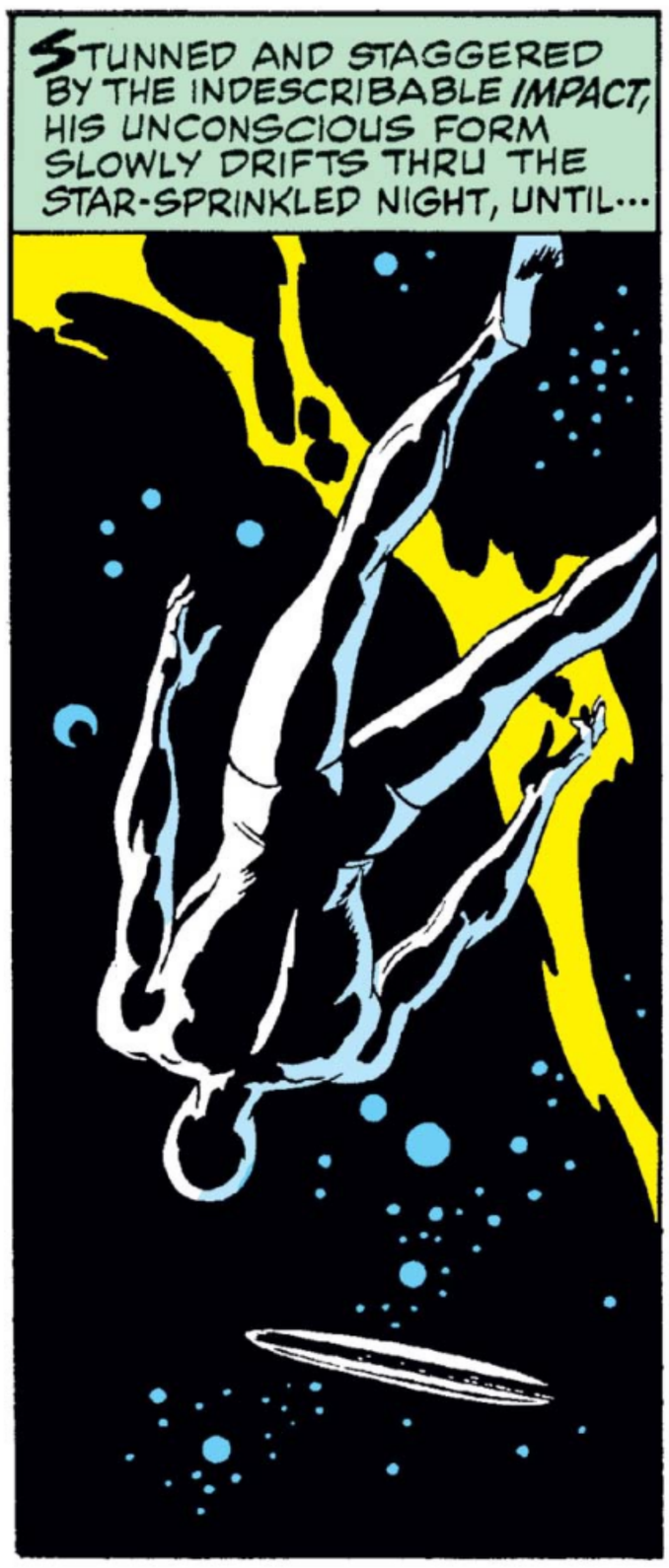

STUNNED AND STAGGERED BY THE INDESCRIBABLE IMPACT, HIS UNCONSCIOUS FORM SLOWLY DRIFTS THRU THE STAR-SPRINKLED NIGHT, UNTIL...

A SUDDEN SWARM OF METEORS COMES ZOOMING TOWARDS THE EARTH ---

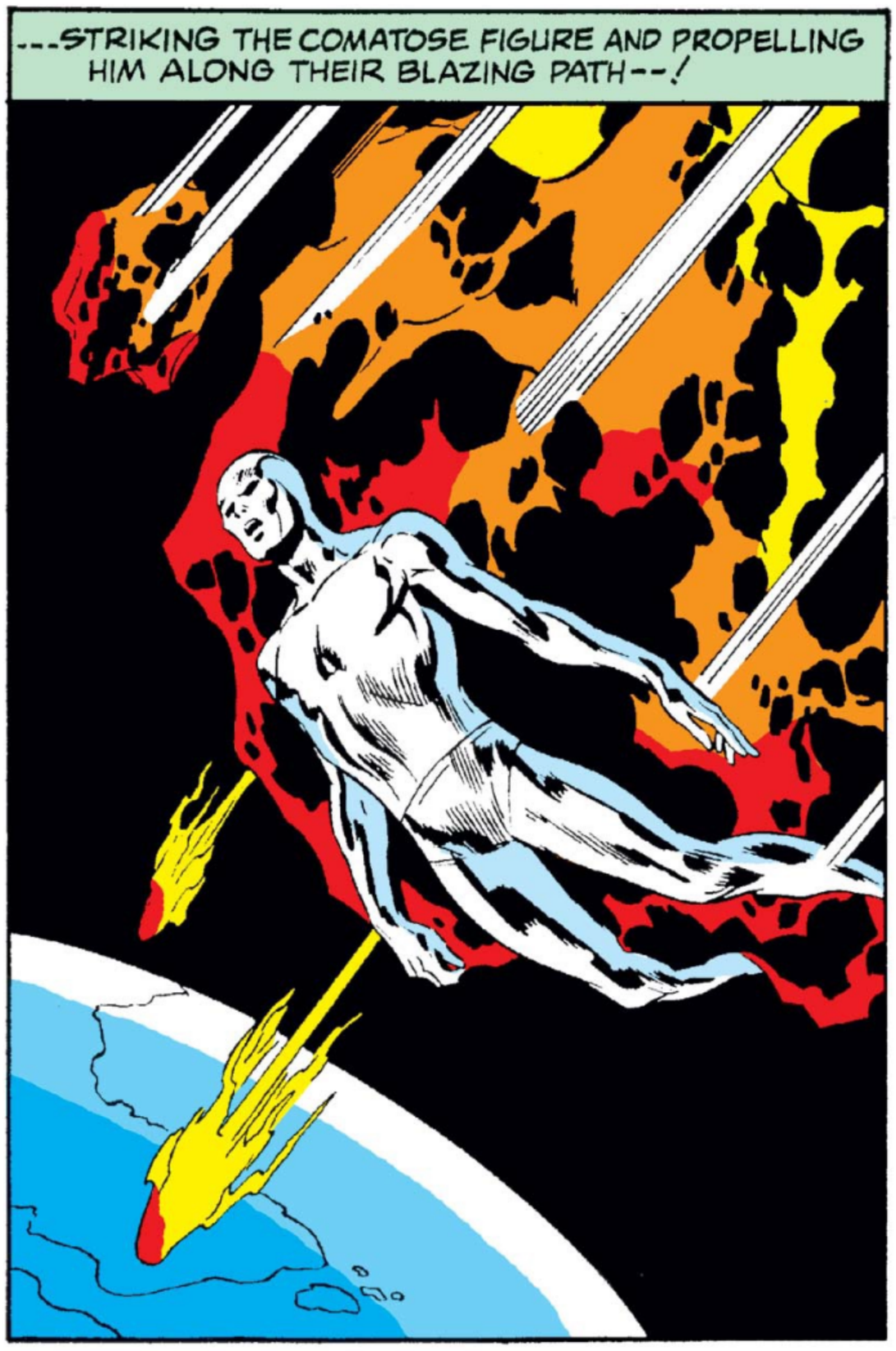

---STRIKING THE COMATOSE FIGURE AND PROPELLING HIM ALONG THEIR BLAZING PATH--!

AND SO IT IS THAT THE HIDDEN LOOM OF DESTINY WEAVES THE FABRIC OF OUR TALE--!
NIGEL...LOOK! A METEOR... PLUMMETING TOWARDS THE MOORS!


BUT ALAS ... THE SURFER'S FONDEST WISH IS ONCE AGAIN DENIED HIM---
SOUMMMMMM

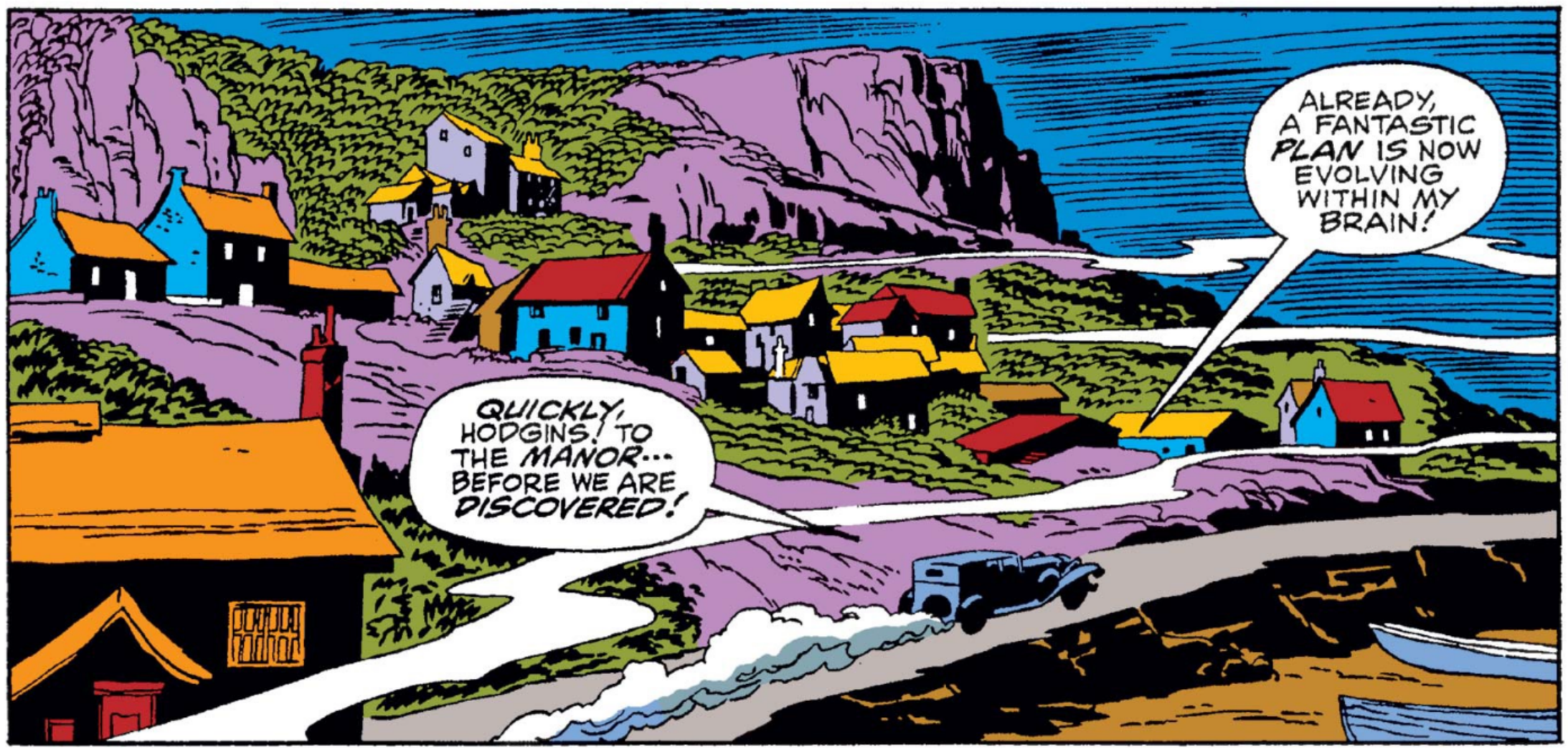

STUNNED AND STAGGERED BY THE INDESCRIBABLE IMPACT, HIS UNCONSCIOUS FORM SLOWLY DRIFTS THRU THE STAR-SPRINKLED NIGHT, UNTIL...

A SUDDEN SWARM OF METEORS COMES ZOOMING TOWARDS THE EARTH ---

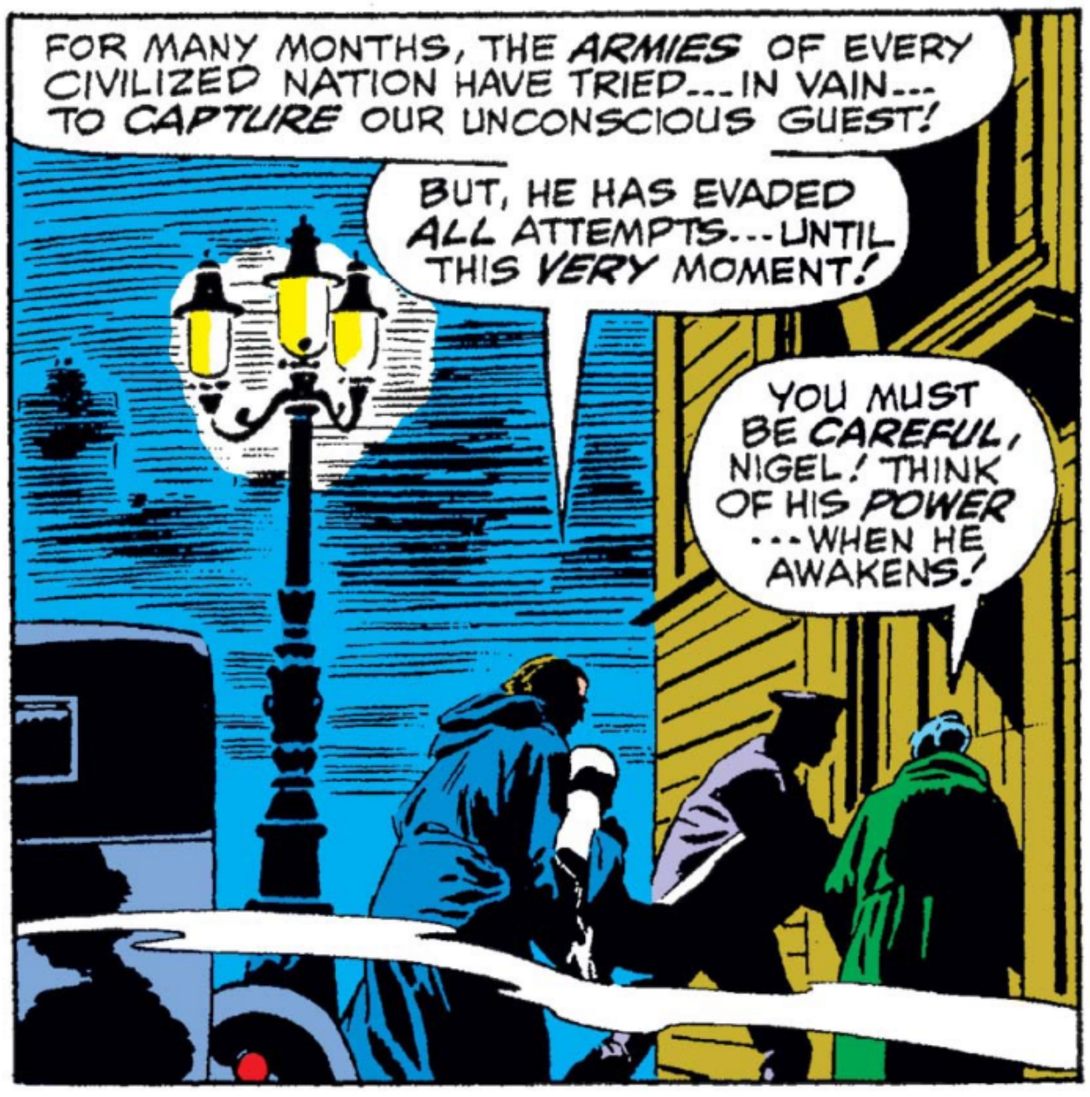

---STRIKING THE COMATOSE FIGURE AND PROPELLING HIM ALONG THEIR BLAZING PATH--!

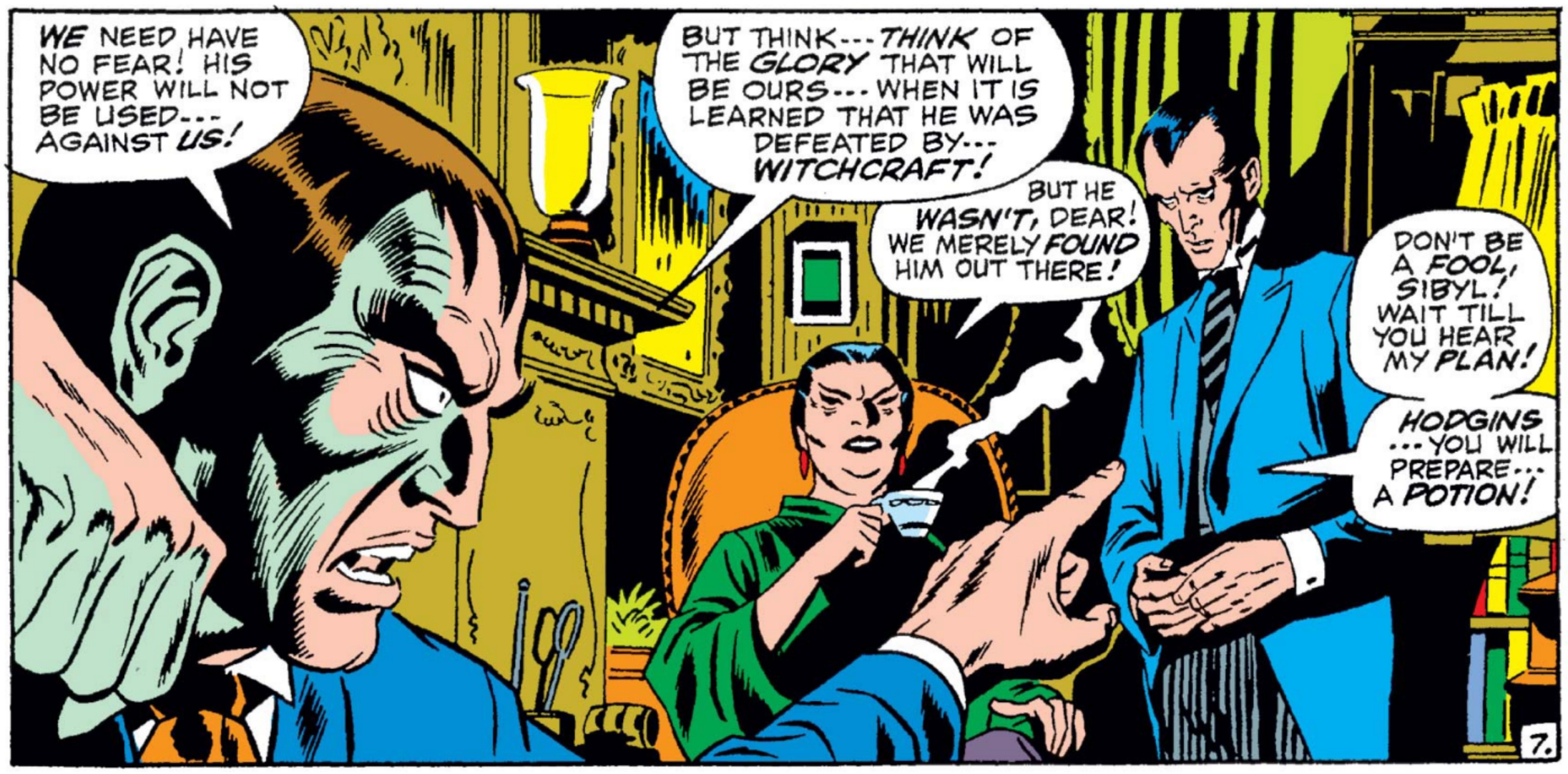
AND SO IT IS THAT THE HIDDEN LOOM OF DESTINY WEAVES THE FABRIC OF OUR TALE--!
NIGEL...LOOK! A METEOR... PLUMMETING TOWARDS THE MOORS!

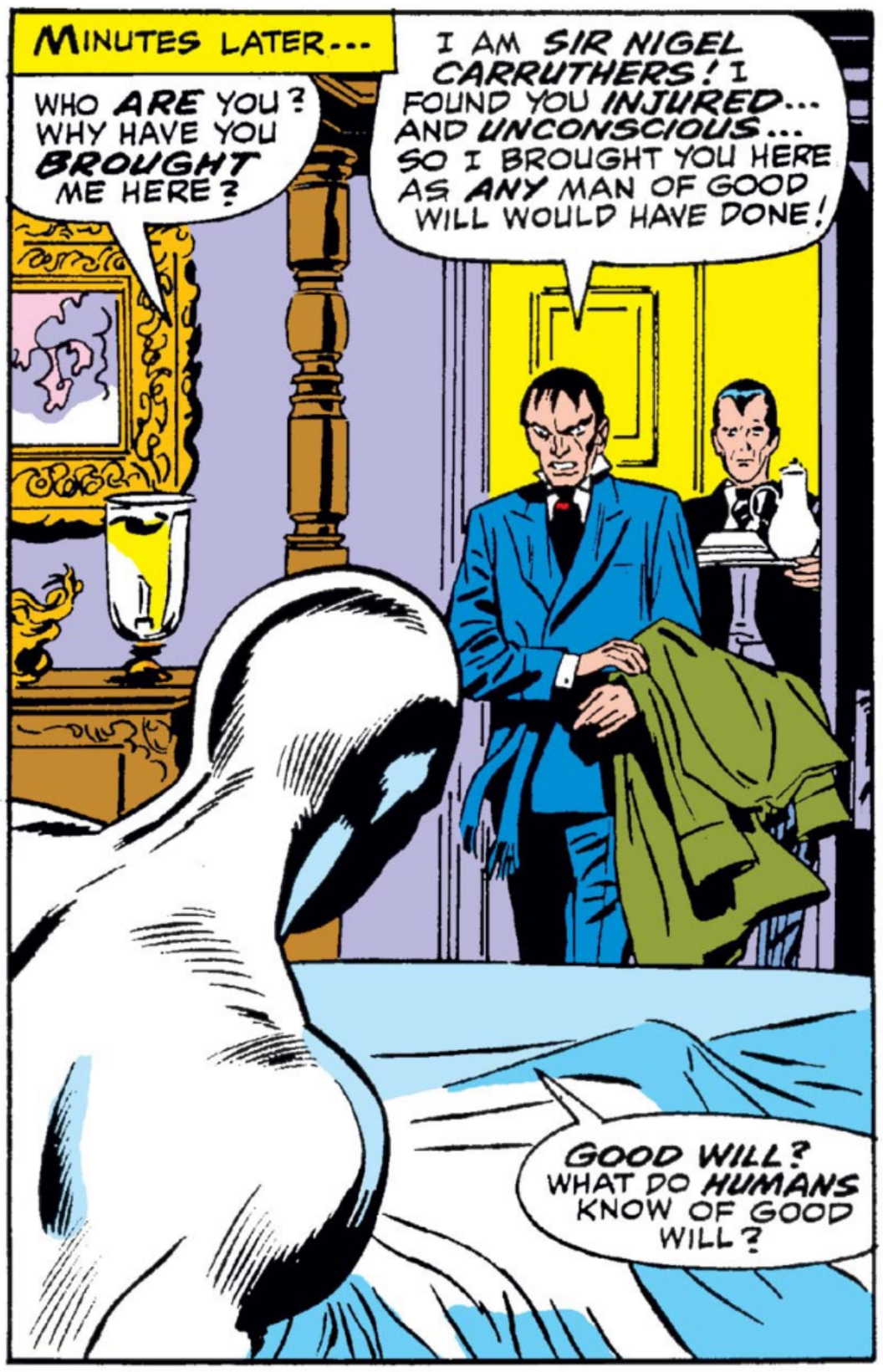
IT IS AN OMEN... A MYSTIC SIGN, DELIVERED FROM BEYOND THE PALE!
WE MUST FOLLOW IT... AND SEE WHAT IT PORTENDS!
IT IS JUST THE SMOLDERING REMAINS OF A FALLEN METEOR, SIR NIGEL!
NO! IT IS MORE THAN THAT, YOU FOOL! IT IS FAR, FAR MORE!
SEE? A HAND PROTRUDES FROM THE FATEFUL SITE!
IT HAS BEEN ORDAINED THAT I SHOULD FIND IT!
THE SILVER SURFER! THE MYSTERIOUS MENACE FROM ANOTHER WORLD!
THE ONE LIVING BEING NO MAN HAS EVER SUBDUED!
AND NOW... THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL... IS MINE!
NOW, THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT! NOW I KNOW... IT IS THE WILL OF THE NAMELESS ONES!
6


ALREADY, A FANTASTIC PLAN IS NOW EVOLVING WITHIN MY BRAIN!
QUICKLY, HODGINS! TO THE MANOR... BEFORE WE ARE DISCOVERED!

A PLAN WHEREIN THE SILVER SURFER SHALL BE THE INSTRUMENT THRU WHICH WE PROVE OUR POWER TO THE UNTHINKING WORLD!


FOR MANY MONTHS, THE ARMIES OF EVERY CIVILIZED NATION HAVE TRIED---IN VAIN--- TO CAPTURE OUR UNCONSCIOUS GUEST!
BUT, HE HAS EVADED ALL ATTEMPTS---UNTIL THIS VERY MOMENT!
YOU MUST BE CAREFUL, NIGEL! THINK OF HIS POWER ---WHEN HE AWAKENS!


WE NEED HAVE NO FEAR! HIS POWER WILL NOT BE USED--- AGAINST US!
BUT THINK---THINK OF THE GLORY THAT WILL BE OURS---WHEN IT IS LEARNED THAT HE WAS DEFEATED BY--- WITCHCRAFT!
BUT HE WASN'T, DEAR! WE MERELY FOUND HIM OUT THERE!
DON'T BE A FOOL, SIBYL! WAIT TILL YOU HEAR MY PLAN!
HODGINS ...YOU WILL PREPARE... A POTION!

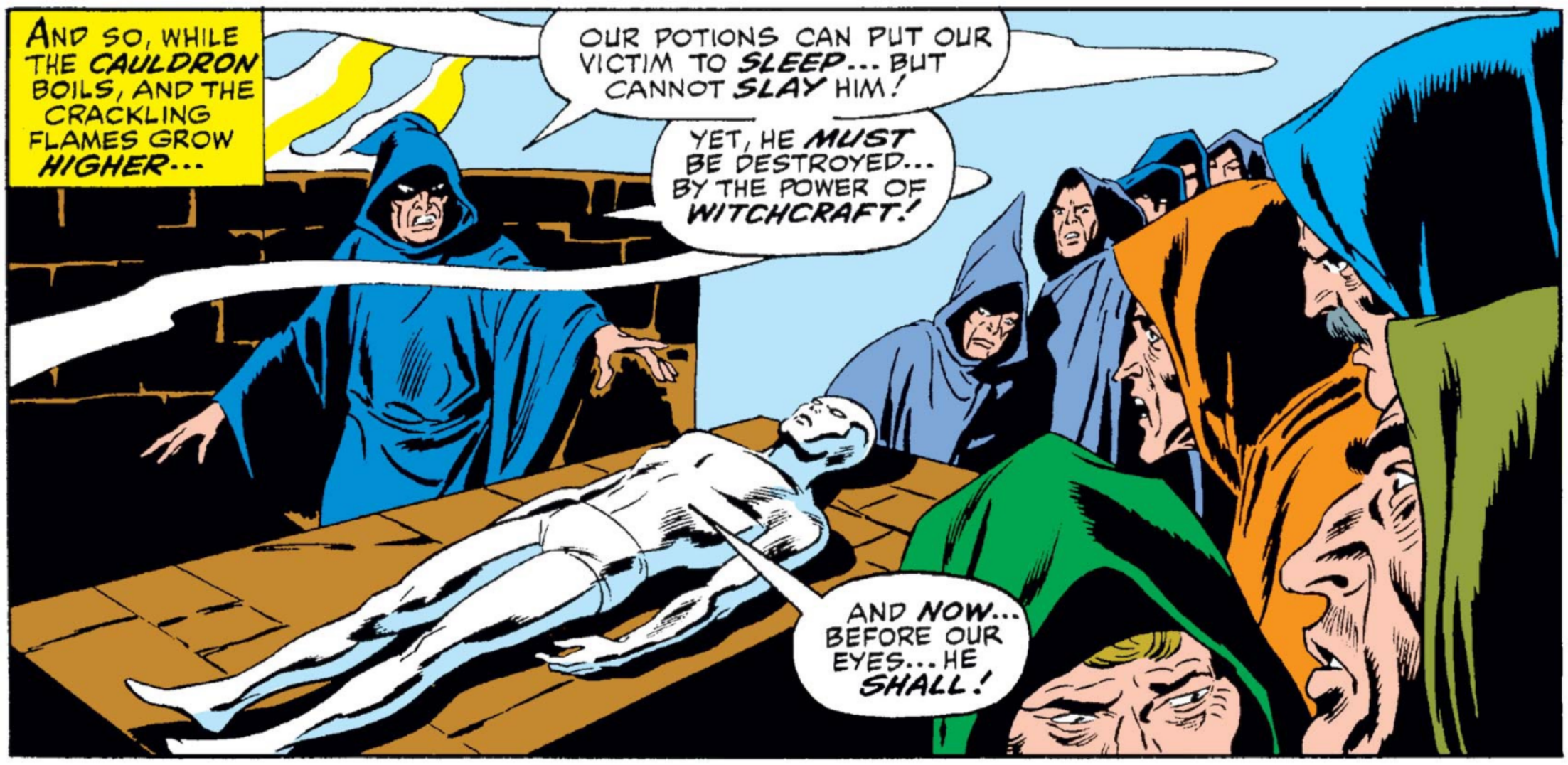

MINUTES LATER...
WHO ARE YOU? WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?
I AM SIR NIGEL CARRUTHERS! I FOUND YOU INJURED... AND UNCONSCIOUS... SO I BROUGHT YOU HERE AS ANY MAN OF GOOD WILL WOULD HAVE DONE!
GOOD WILL? WHAT DO HUMANS KNOW OF GOOD WILL?

EACH DAY I SPEND UPON YOUR SAVAGE SPHERE TEACHES ME ONE BURNING TRUTH...
MAN DOES NOTHING UNLESS IT SERVES HIS OWN SELFISH ENDS!
COME NOW! BITTERNESS ILL BECOMES SO FAMOUS A VISITOR AS YOURSELF!
HODGINS! SOME HEALTHFUL BROTH FOR OUR BROODING GUEST!

THERE NOW! THAT SHOULD HELP YOU REGAIN YOUR STRENGTH!
MY STRENGTH IS REPLENISHED BY THE COSMOS...AND YET, I FIND THE AROMA PLEASING!
MEN! EVEN WHILE YOU TOTTER ON THE BRINK OF CHAOS...YOUR AMENITIES MUST BE OBSERVED!

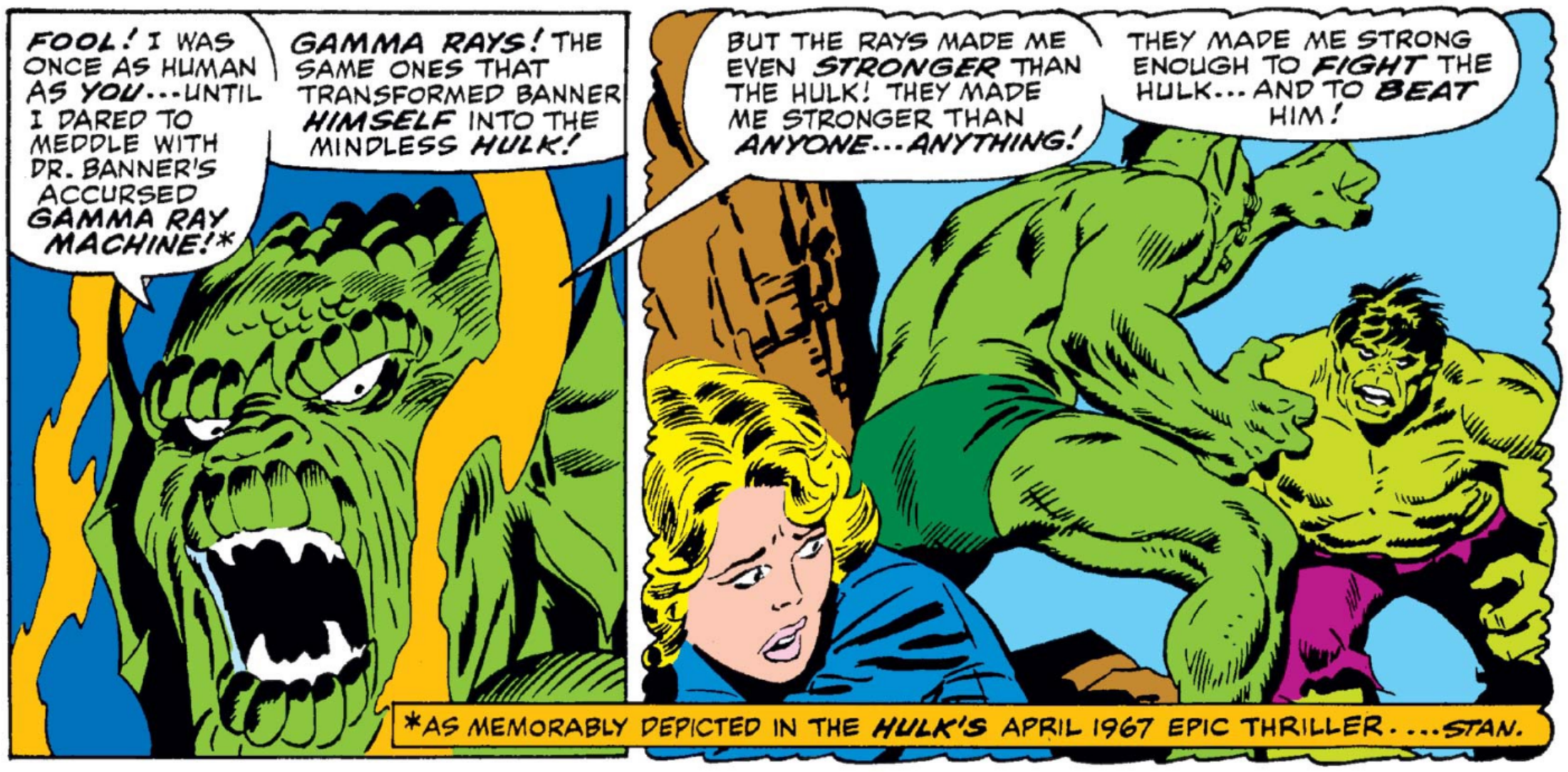
FOOL! IT IS YOU WHO TOTTER ON THE BRINK... THE BRINK OF YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION!
QUICKLY, HODGINS... THE CAR!
I WILL CALL A WITCHES' CONCLAVE!

THUS, A SHORT TIME LATER, ON THE WINDING ROAD TO STONEHENGE...
BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS DONE, THE WORLD WILL KNOW AT LAST THE POWER WE POSSESS!


AND SO, WHILE THE CAULDRON BOILS, AND THE CRACKLING FLAMES GROW HIGHER...
OUR POTIONS CAN PUT OUR VICTIM TO SLEEP... BUT CANNOT SLAY HIM!
YET, HE MUST BE DESTROYED... BY THE POWER OF WITCHCRAFT!
AND NOW... BEFORE OUR EYES... HE SHALL!

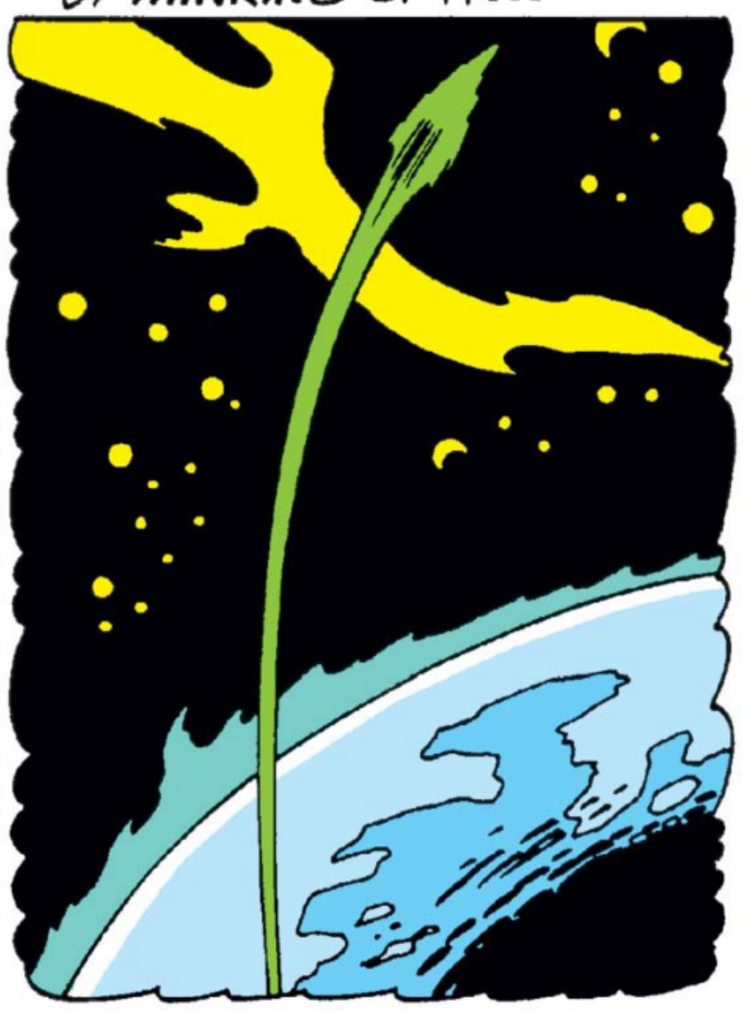
LET TIME DIE A'LIVING! BEND ALL SPACE TO MY WILL! LET THE TAKING BE GIVING! SEND A TOOL FOR THE KILL!
BY THE DOOMED AND THE DEAD BY THE OATH AND THE VOW BY THE DARK AND THE DREAD LET HIM COME FORWARD NOW!
IT IS DONE! WE HAVE CONJURED FORTH THE ONE WHO WILL CRUSH OUR PREY!

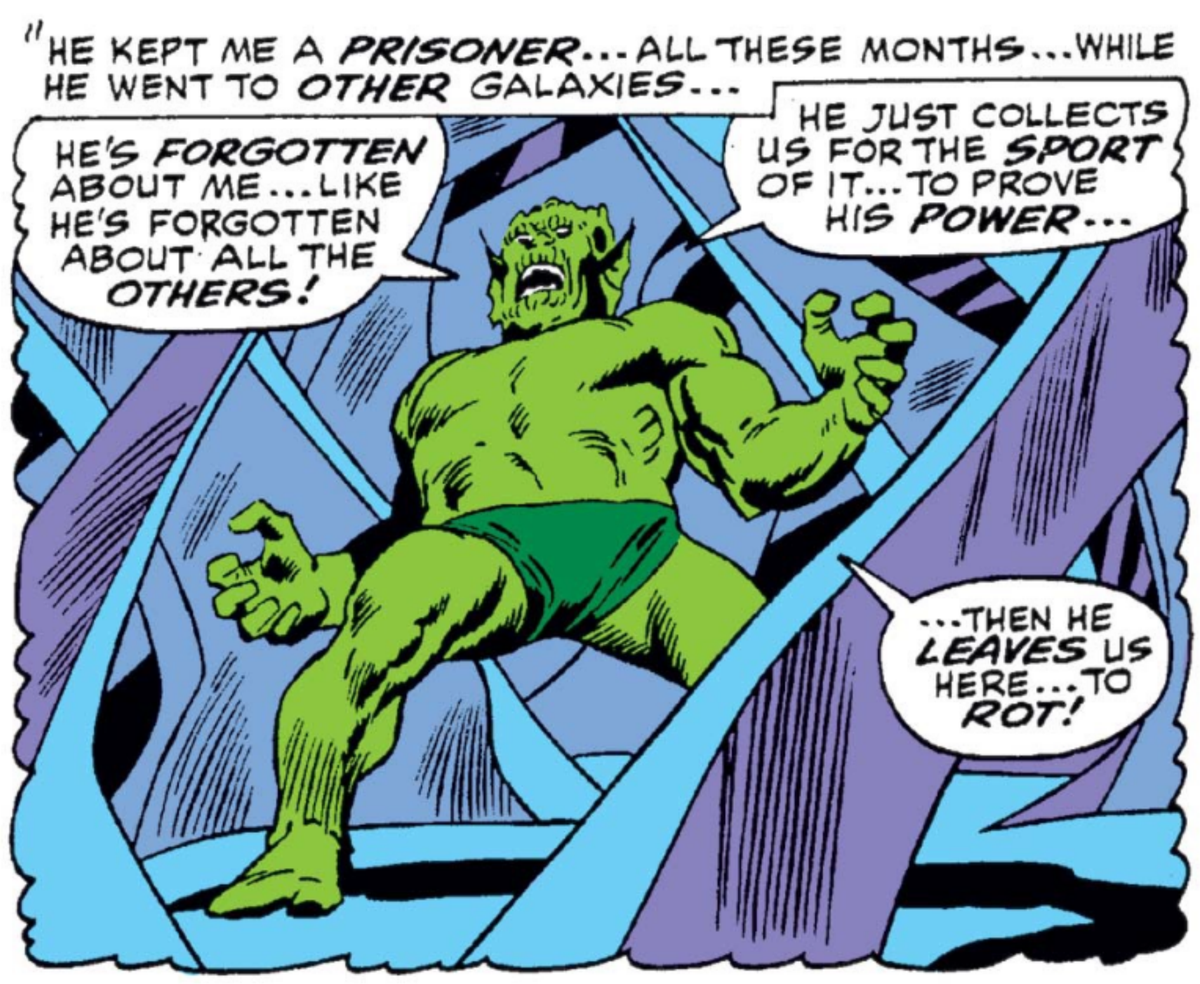
FROM WHENCE DO YOU COME? HOW ARE YOU NAMED?
THEY CALLED ME... THE ABOMINATION!! IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH THEN... IT WILL SERVE ME NOW!
YOU SPEAK OUR TONGUE! AND YET... YOU CANNOT BE... FROM THE PLANET EARTH?!!


FOOL! I WAS ONCE AS HUMAN AS YOU...UNTIL I DARED TO MEDDLE WITH DR. BANNER'S ACCURSED GAMMA RAY MACHINE!*
GAMMA RAYS! THE SAME ONES THAT TRANSFORMED BANNER HIMSELF INTO THE MINDLESS HULK!
BUT THE RAYS MADE ME EVEN STRONGER THAN THE HULK! THEY MADE ME STRONGER THAN ANYONE...ANYTHING!
THEY MADE ME STRONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT THE HULK... AND TO BEAT HIM!
*AS MEMORABLY DEPICTED IN THE HULK'S APRIL 1967 EPIC THRILLER....STAN.

"BUT, BEFORE I COULD DESTROY HIM...AS I WOULD HAVE DONE... SOMEONE ELSE INTERFERED..."

"...SOME MEDDLER FROM OUTER SPACE...WHO CALLED HIMSELF THE STRANGER!"
I WILL BRING THE ABOMINATION TO ME...
FOR HE WILL NOT BE MISSED UPON THE EARTH!

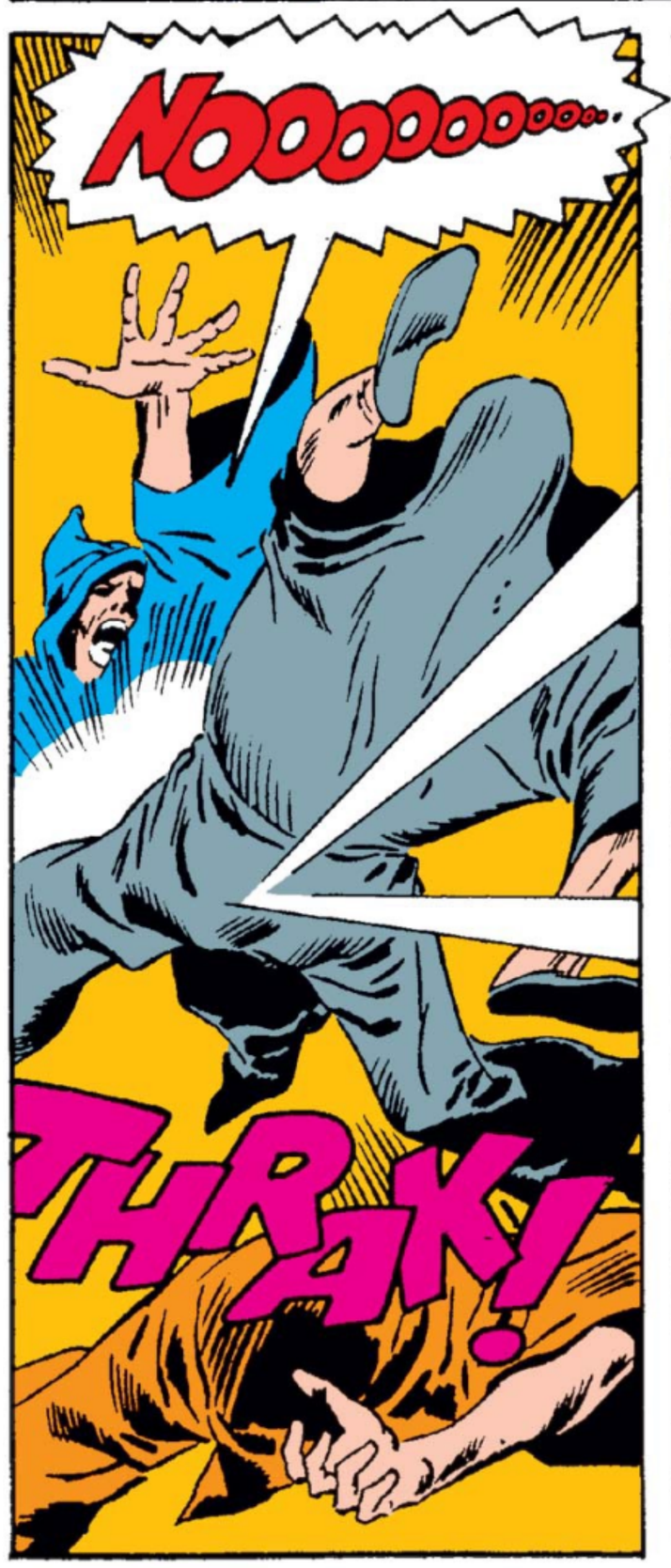

"MY STRENGTH DIDN'T MATTER TO HIM... BECAUSE HE COULD SEND ME TO ANOTHER WORLD JUST BY THINKING OF IT..."


"HE KEPT ME A PRISONER...ALL THESE MONTHS...WHILE HE WENT TO OTHER GALAXIES...
HE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME...LIKE HE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT ALL THE OTHERS!
HE JUST COLLECTS US FOR THE SPORT OF IT...TO PROVE HIS POWER...
...THEN HE LEAVES US HERE...TO ROT!

BUT NOW...I'M BACK! NOW I CAN FINISH WHERE I LEFT OFF... FINISH WITH MY PLAN TO TAKE CONTROL OF EARTH!
NO! NO... YOU CAN'T!

IT WAS I WHO CONJURED YOU! IT IS I WHOM YOU MUST SERVE!
DON'T YOU SEE? I AM YOUR MASTER! YOU MUST DO AS I COMMAND... YOU MUST BOW TO THE WILL OF THE WARLOCK PRIME!
THE ABOMINATION SERVES NO ONE! WITH THE STRANGER GONE... NOBODY CAN STOP ME... NOTHING CAN HURT ME!
A SPELL, WARLOCK! SUBDUE HIM WITH A SPELL!

BUT, BEFORE AN INCANTATION CAN BE UTTERED ...OR EVEN THOUGHT OF...
YOU EXPECT ME TO SERVE THOSE I CAN TRAMPLE LIKE ANTS ?!!
LET THIS BE MY ANSWER...
RUN! FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES!


NOOOOOOOO...
THRAK!

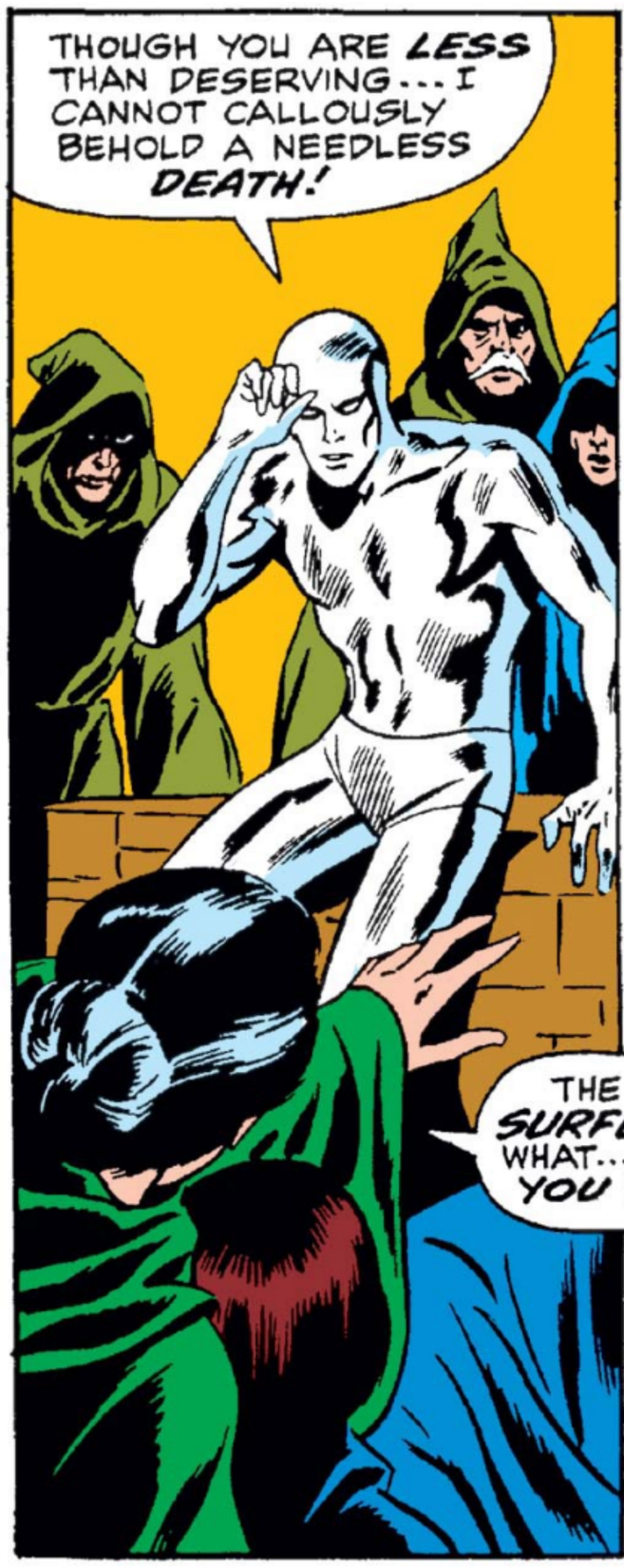
SINCE IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT ME HERE... I'LL BE GENEROUS...
I'LL LET THE REST OF YOU LIVE!

BUT THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG YOU... OR THE REST OF MANKIND... WILL HAVE!
THE ABOMINATION HAS A LOT... TO MAKE UP FOR!

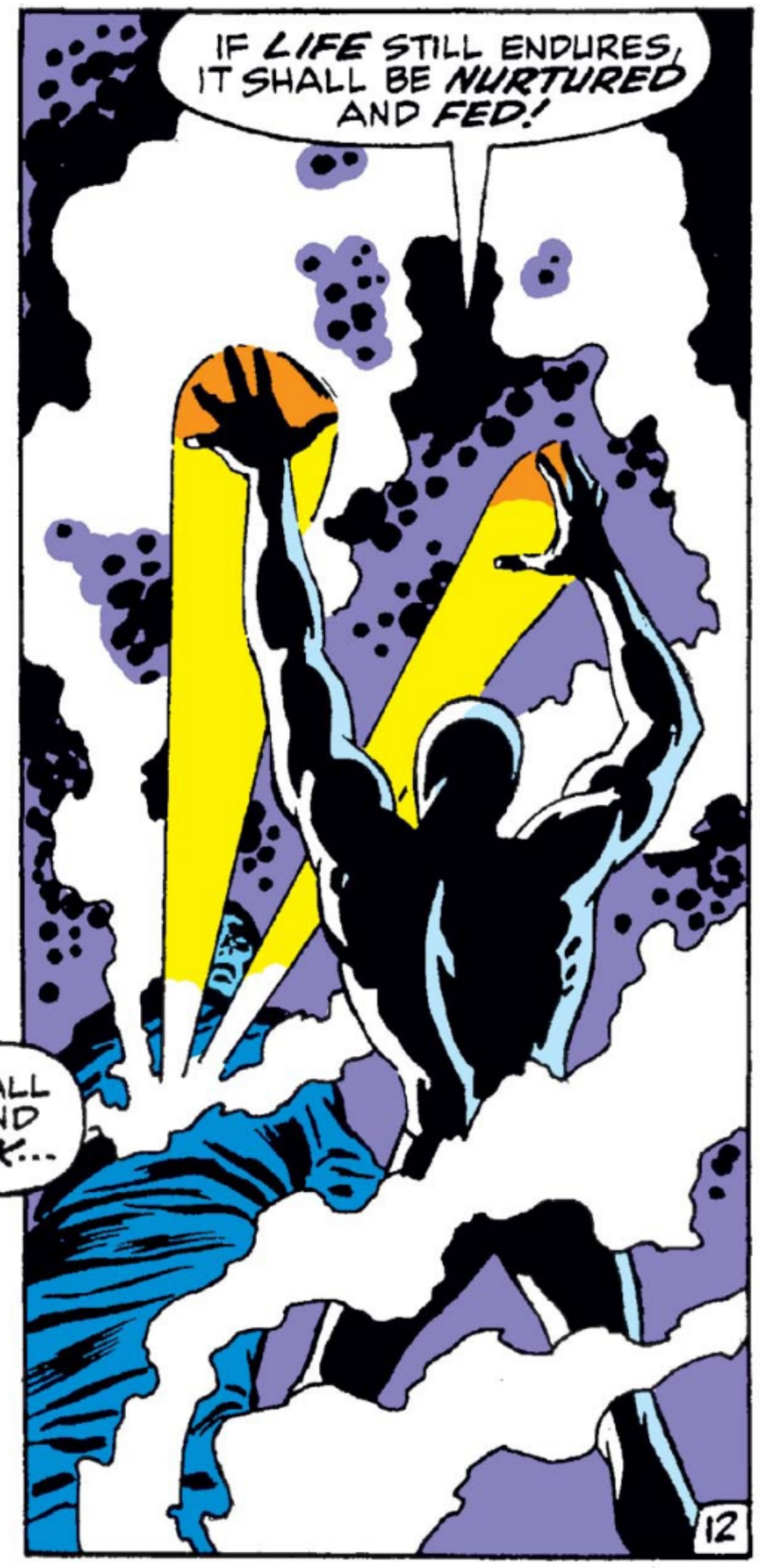
...AND THE TIME TO START... IS NOW!
HIS LEGS PROPEL HIM HIM INTO THE AIR... WITH POWER THAT RIVALS THE HULK!

BUT... WHAT OF OUR WAR-LOCK PRIME?
THE BLOW WAS A FATAL ONE! OUR LEADER LIES DYING!
NO! HE MUST BE SAVED! DO YOU HEAR?? HE MUST LIVE!!

WHAT OF YOUR SPELLS... YOUR MYSTIC POTIONS? CAN NOTHING STRENGTHEN HIS FADING HEARTBEAT??
I CAN!
WHO SPOKE? WHO SAID THAT?

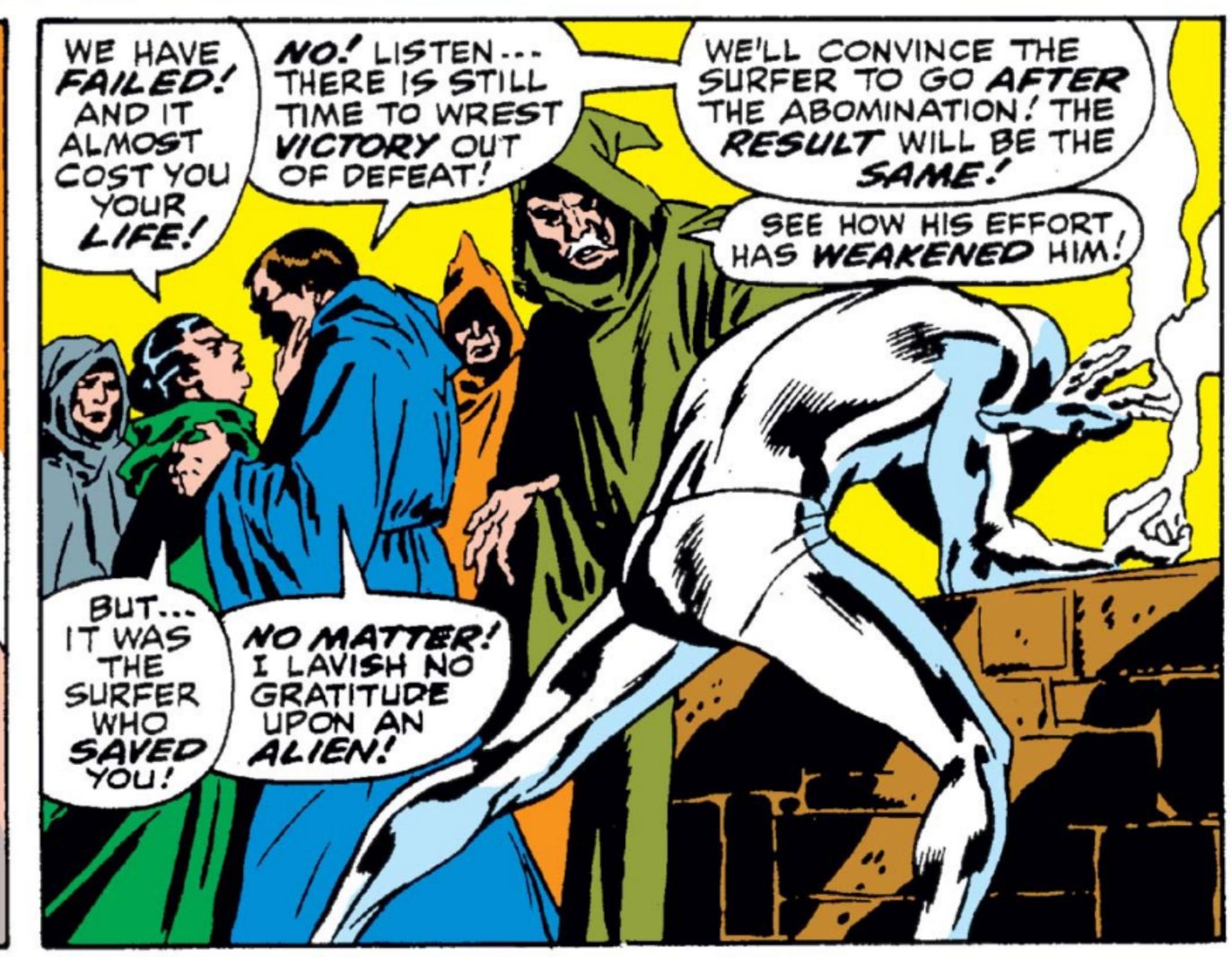

THOUGH YOU ARE LESS THAN DESERVING... I CANNOT CALLOUSLY BEHOLD A NEEDLESS DEATH!
THE SURFER! WHAT...CAN YOU DO?

NOT I ALONE... BUT THE POWER COSMIC WHICH I NOW BRING TO BEAR...

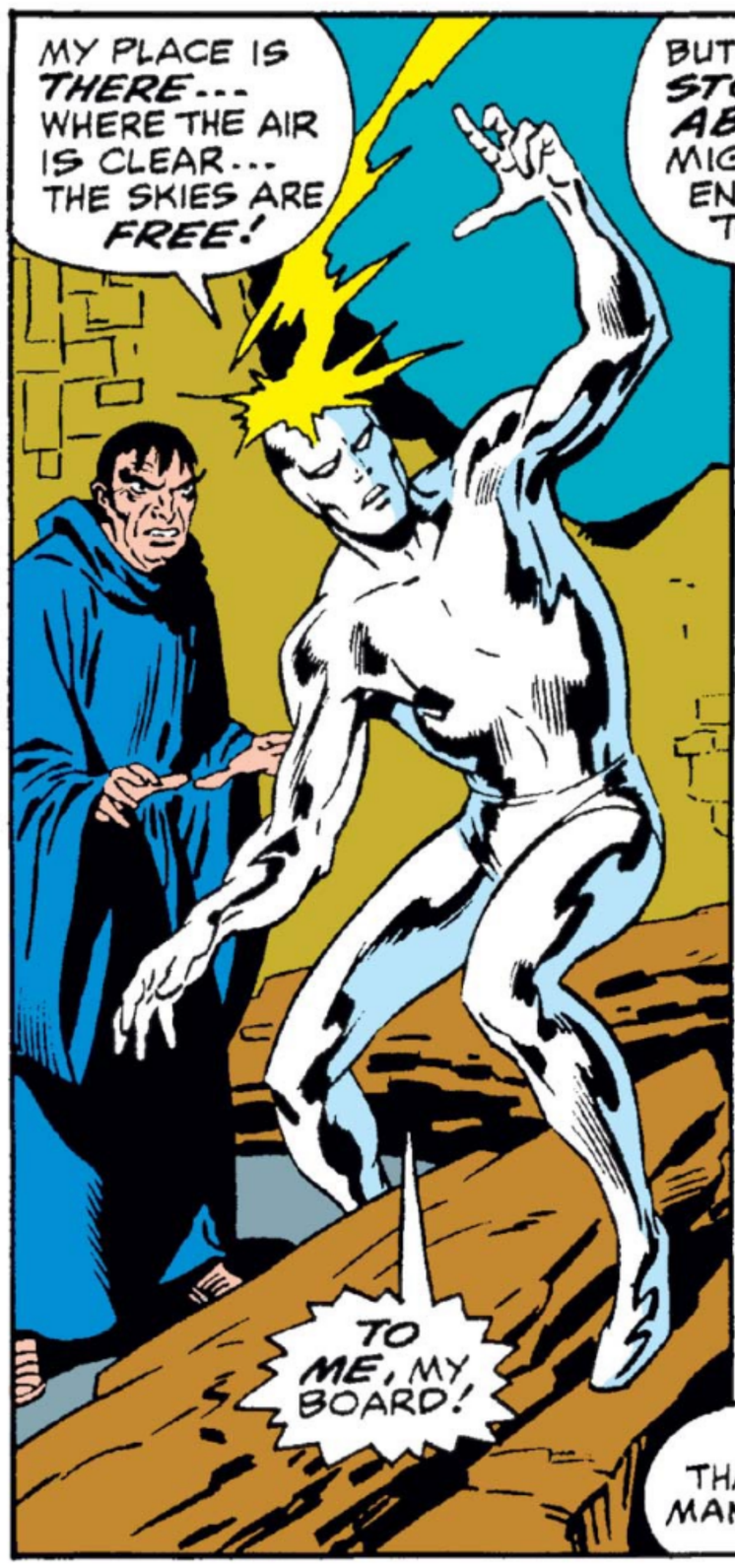

IF LIFE STILL ENDURES, IT SHALL BE NURTURED AND FED!
LET ALL STAND BACK...

NO! HE'S KILLING HIM! HE MUST BE STOPPED... QUICK... ATTACK HIM!
WE DARE NOT! WITH POWER SUCH AS HIS... HE COULD DESTROY US ALL!
NOW-- LOOK! HE'S STAGGERING ... GROWING WEAKER...
...AS THOUGH HIS VERY STRENGTH IS FLOWING INTO NIGEL!

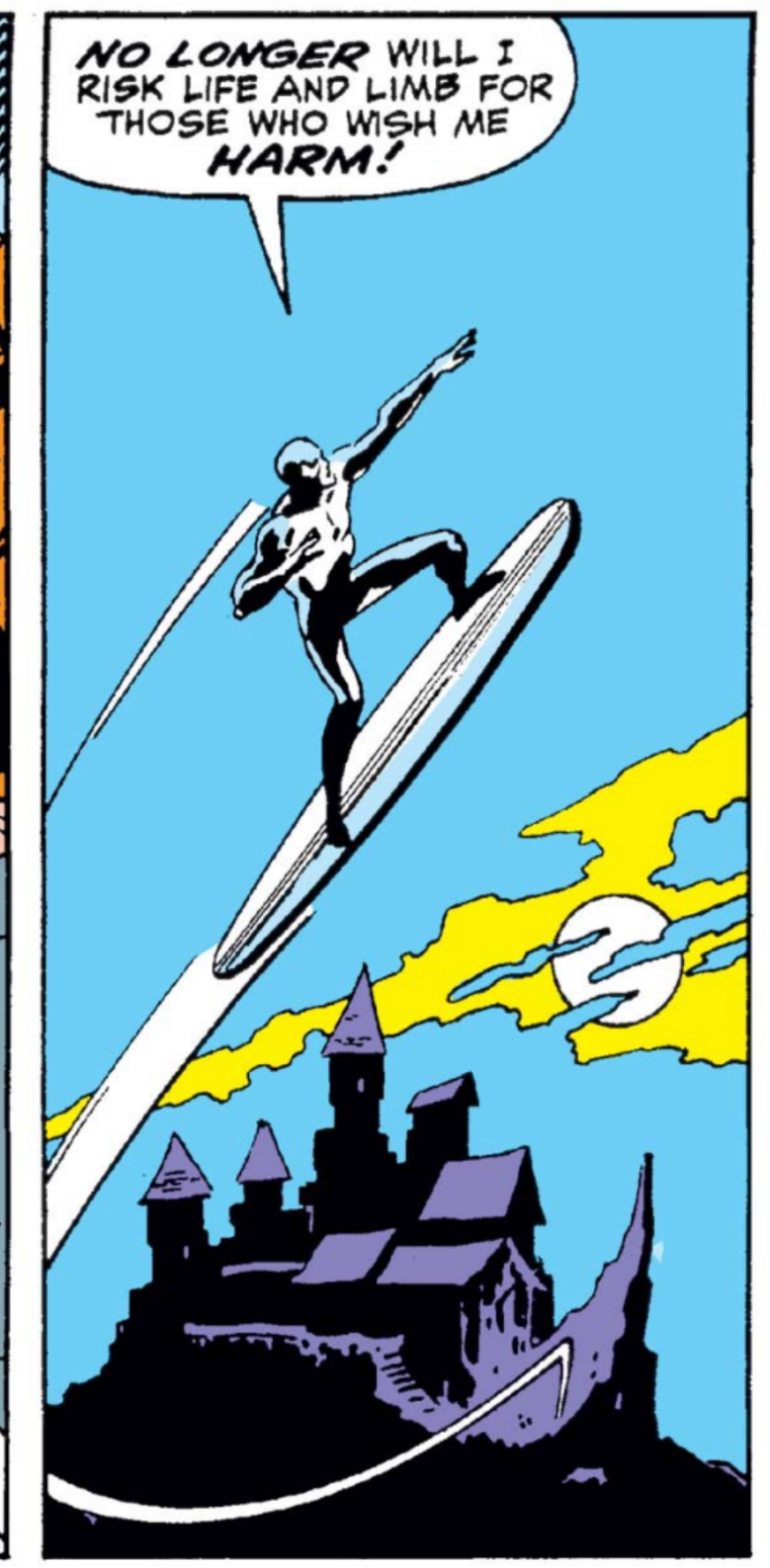
HE'S OPENING HIS EYES... STANDING ERECT!
THE SURFER SAVED HIM! THE WARLOCK PRIME LIVES!


WE HAVE FAILED! AND IT ALMOST COST YOU YOUR LIFE!
NO! LISTEN... THERE IS STILL TIME TO WREST VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT!
WE'LL CONVINCE THE SURFER TO GO AFTER THE ABOMINATION! THE RESULT WILL BE THE SAME!
SEE HOW HIS EFFORT HAS WEAKENED HIM!
BUT... IT WAS THE SURFER WHO SAVED YOU!
NO MATTER! I LAVISH NO GRATITUDE UPON AN ALIEN!

IT COULD MEAN THE SURFER'S DEATH!
BE SILENT, WOMAN! ALL THAT MATTERS IS... THE PLAN!
YOU MUST NOT LET THE ABOMINATION ESCAPE!
YOU WASTE YOUR WORDS! I'LL INTERFERE NO MORE IN THE MORTAL MADNESS OF HUMANS!


MY PLACE IS THERE... WHERE THE AIR IS CLEAR... THE SKIES ARE FREE!
TO ME, MY BOARD!

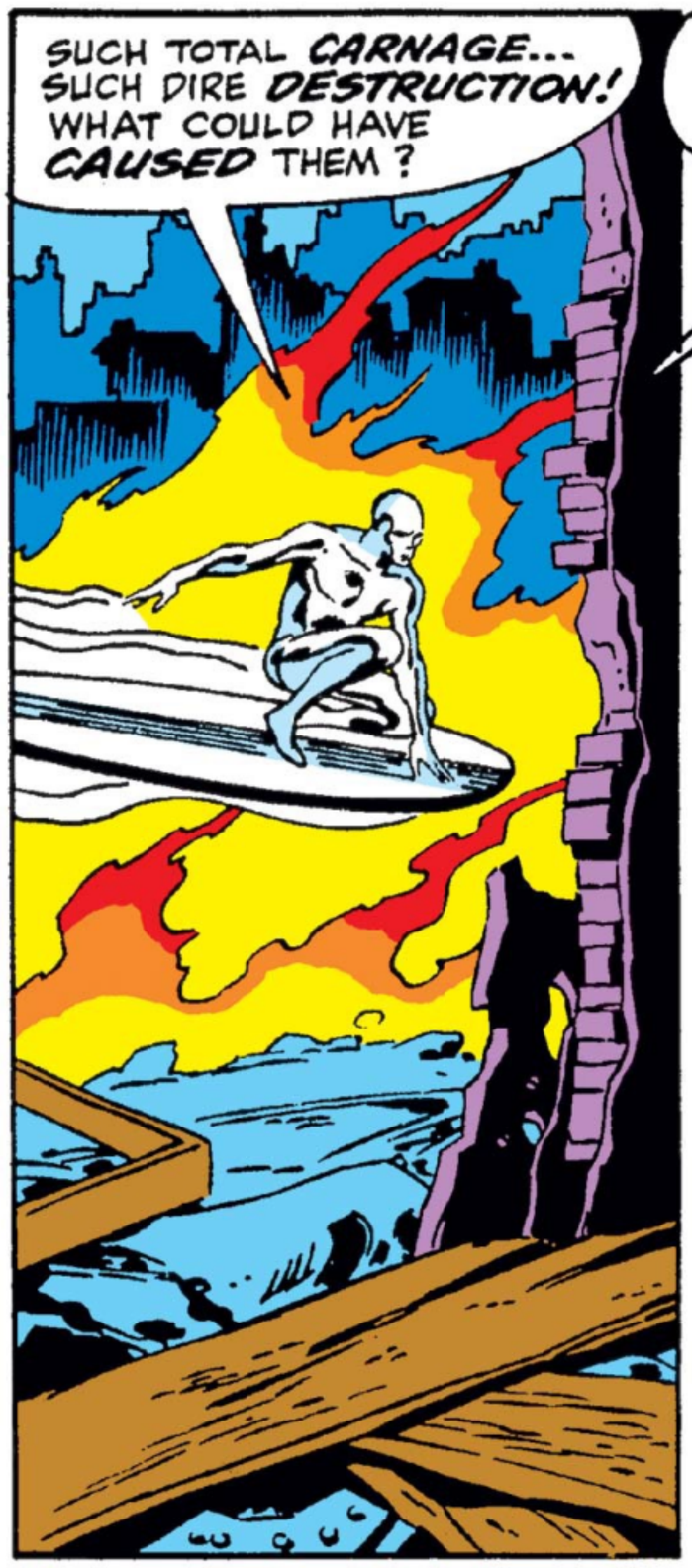
BUT...IF YOU DON'T STOP HIM...THE ABOMINATION MIGHT BRING OUR ENTIRE PLANET TO ITS KNEES!
PERHAPS THAT WILL TEACH MAN...HUMILITY!


NO LONGER WILL I RISK LIFE AND LIMB FOR THOSE WHO WISH ME HARM!

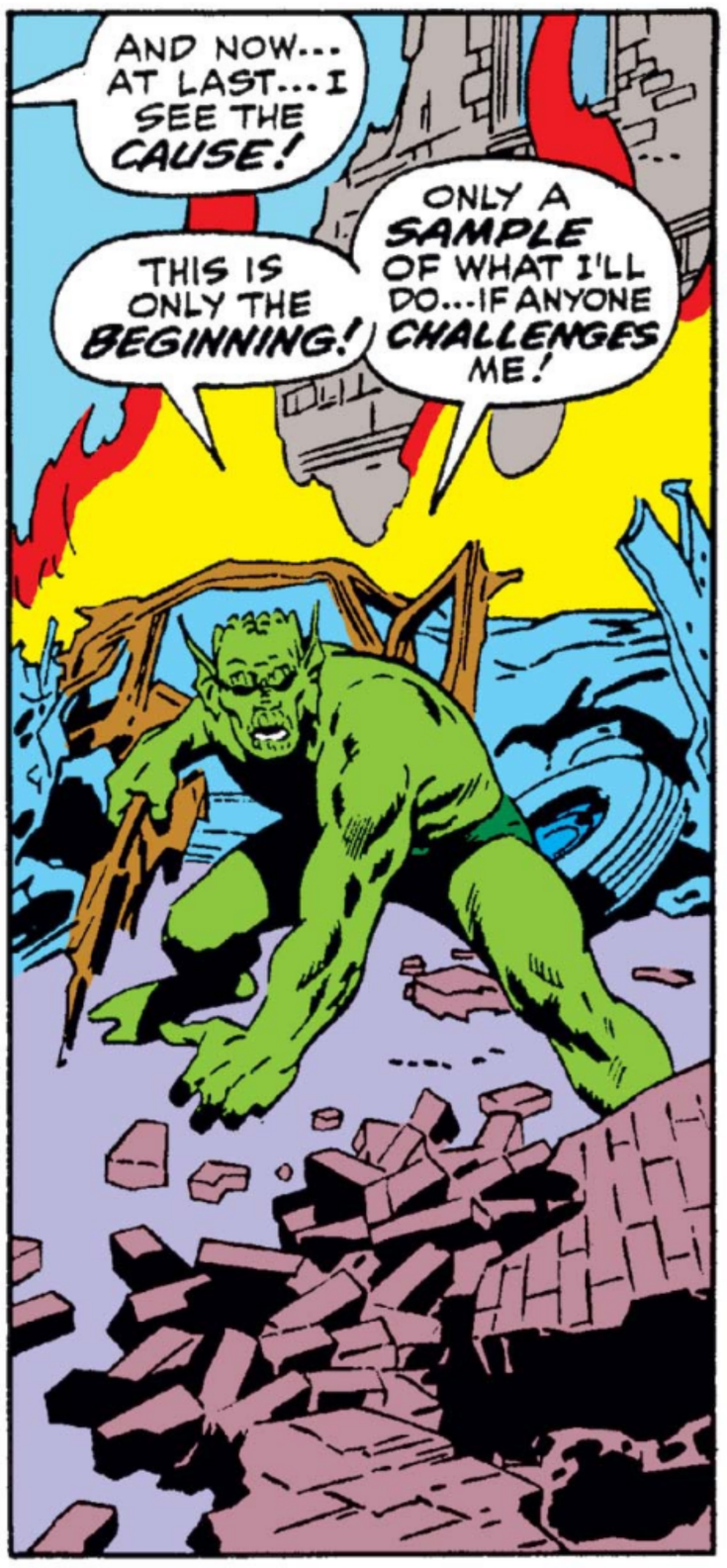
EVEN NOW... AN AGONIZING WEAKNESS OVERCOMES ME!

IN MY EFFORT TO SAVE ANOTHER'S LIFE... I EXPENDED TOO MUCH OF MY OWN VITAL ENERGY!
I MUST REST...TILL MY POWER COSMIC SLOWLY RETURNS!

BUT, AT THAT FATEFUL MOMENT, WITH HIS AWESOME POWER AT ITS LOWEST EBB...THE SURFER SUDDENLY OBSERVES...
THE CITY... DIRECTLY BELOW...
AN ENTIRE SECTION... ENVELOPED IN FLAMES!


SUCH TOTAL CARNAGE... SUCH DIRE DESTRUCTION! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THEM ?

THERE... AT THE FLAME'S PERIPHERY...A CROWD, HALF-MAD WITH PANIC!


AND NOW... AT LAST...I SEE THE CAUSE!
THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!
ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT I'LL DO...IF ANYONE CHALLENGES ME!

I HAVE TOLD MYSELF IT IS NOT MY FIGHT...AND YET...
THE SILVER SURFER GIVES YOU CHALLENGE!
A WHITE-SKINNED MADMAN...ON A FLYING BOARD!

DIDN'T KNOW I COULD FLY UP TO MEET YOU, HUH ?
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS... JUMP!
ZA!

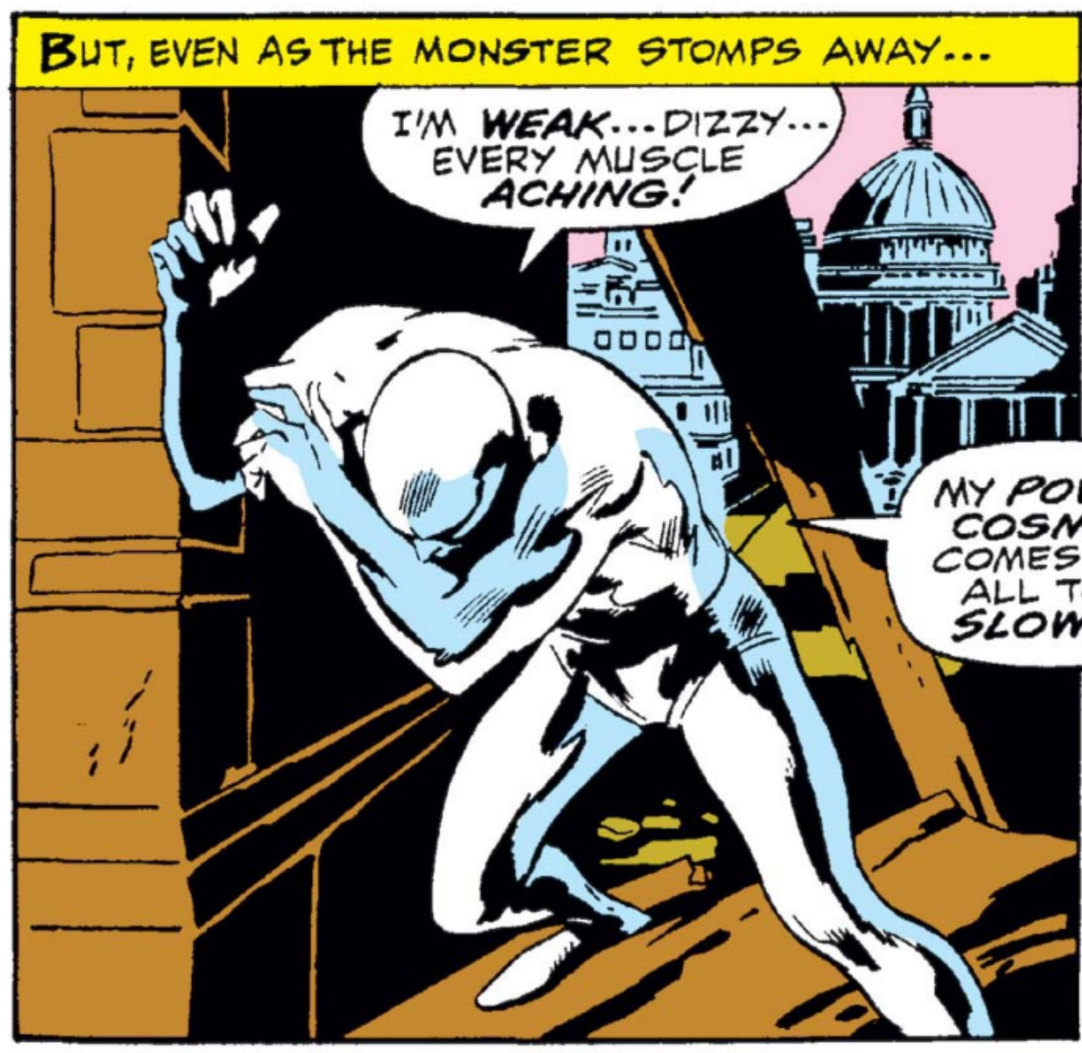
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, WEAKLING... BUT YOU'RE DONE FOR!

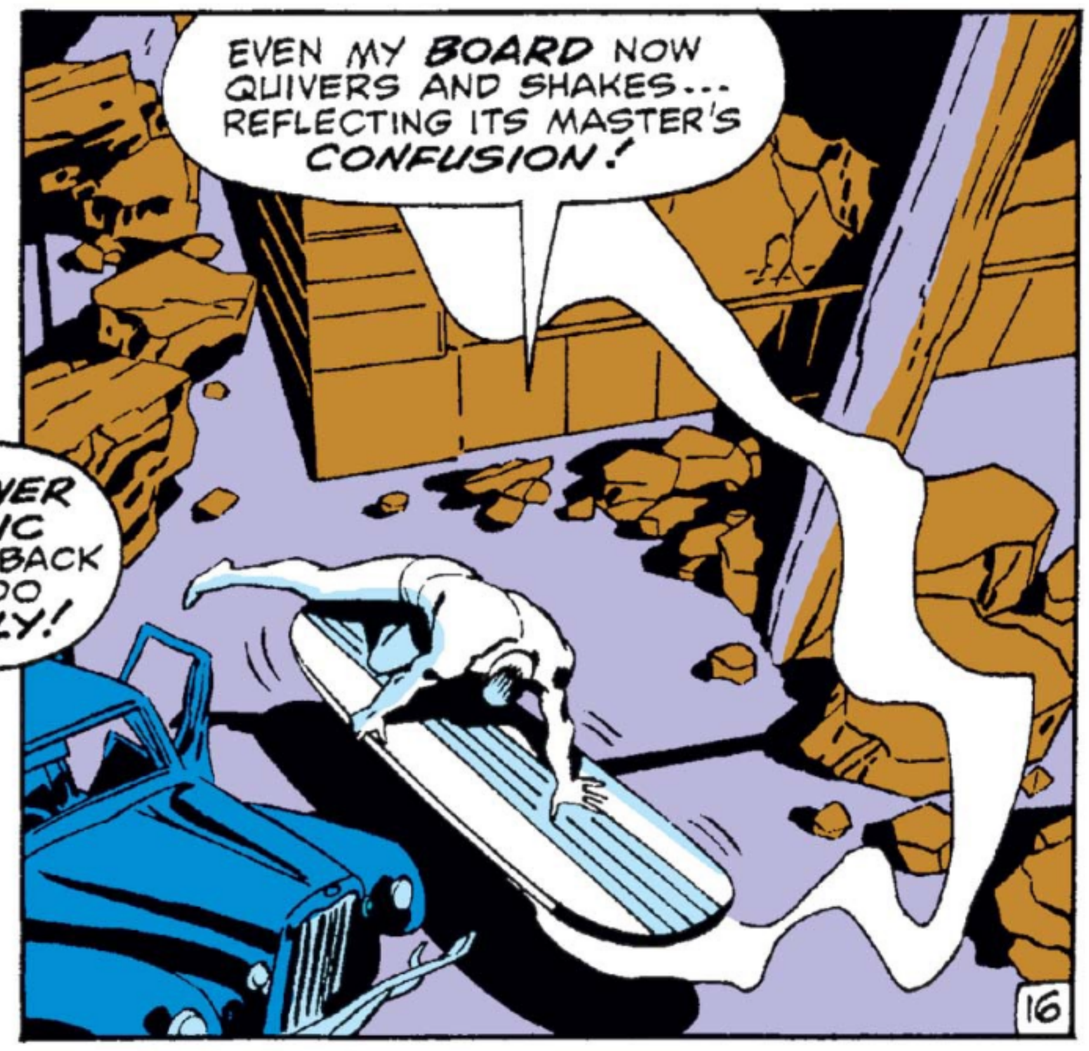
WHAT CHANCE DO YOU EXPECT TO HAVE---
---AGAINST THE ONE WHO BEAT THE HULK?

I KNEW IT! ONE PUNCH WAS ALL I NEEDED!

IT TAKES A LOT MORE THAN A FLYING SURFBOARD TO FIGHT THE ABOMINATION!

NOTHING CAN KILL ME! NOTHING CAN STOP ME!
BEFORE I'M DONE, THEY'LL GIVE ME ANYTHING I WANT IN ORDER TO SAVE THEIR CITY!


BUT, EVEN AS THE MONSTER STOMPS AWAY...
I'M WEAK...DIZZY... EVERY MUSCLE ACHING!
MY POWER COSMIC COMES BACK ALL TOO SLOWLY!


EVEN MY BOARD NOW QUIVERS AND SHAKES... REFLECTING ITS MASTER'S CONFUSION!

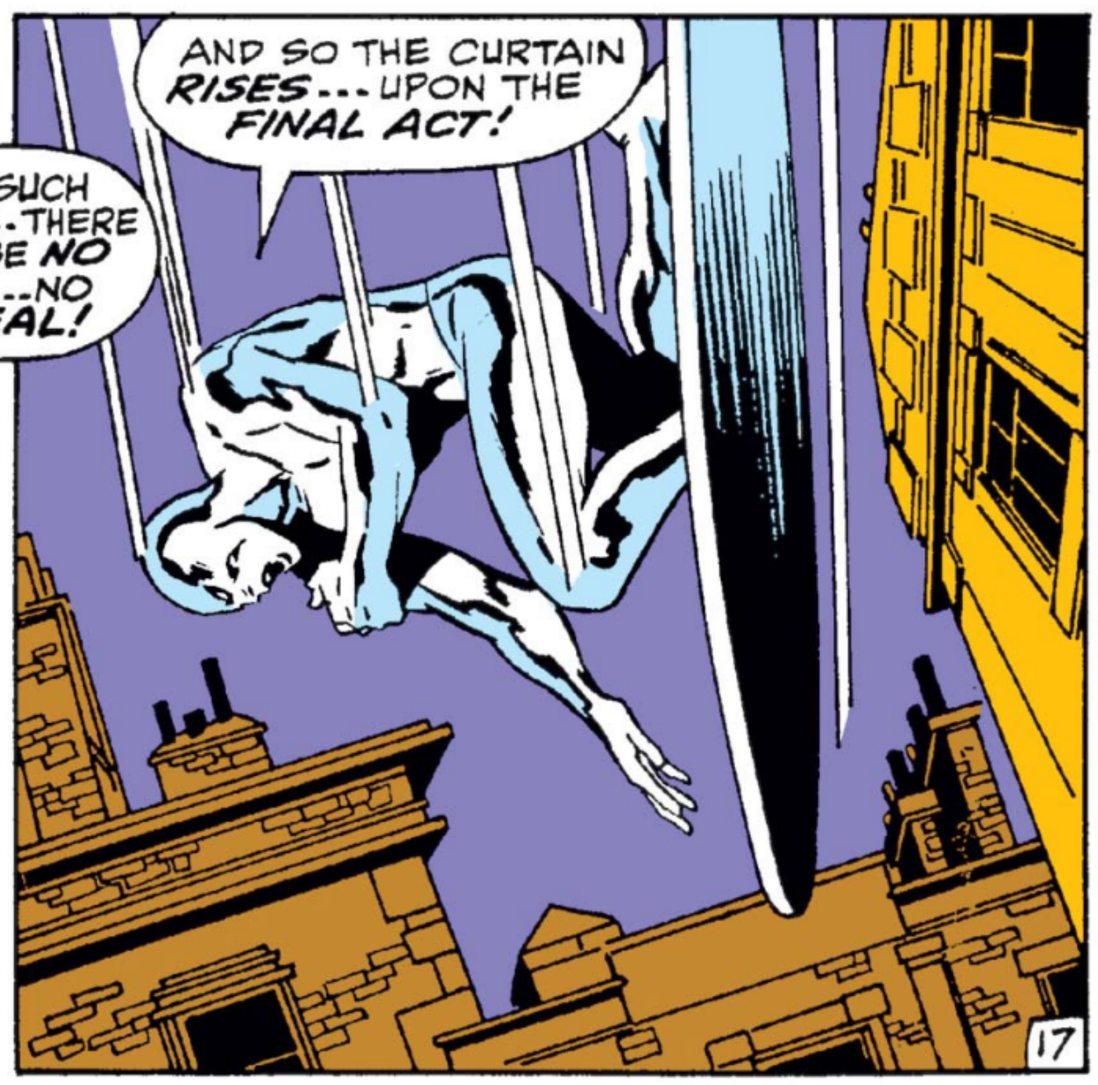
WHY MUST I AGAIN WAGE COMBAT... IN A BATTLE THAT IS NOT OF MY CHOOSING ?

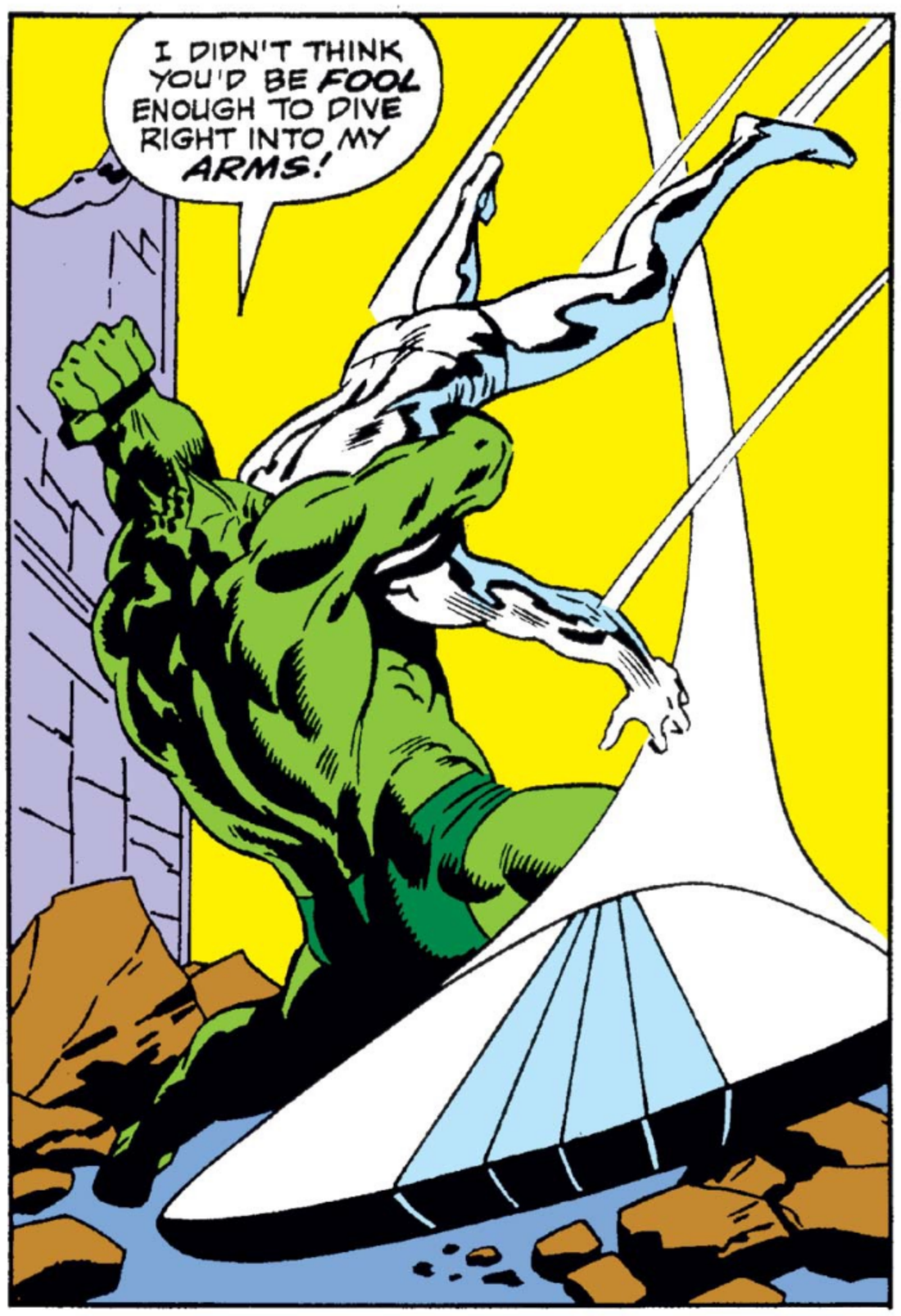
WHY DO I DRAW EVER NEARER..?
WHEN MY OWN FADED STRENGTH MAY BE NO MATCH FOR HIS?

HE SENSES MY PRESENCE... HE TURNS... HE HAS SPIED ME!
SO YOU'RE BACK, HUH? YOU DIDN'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU WERE!

BUT YOUR LUCK JUST RAN OUT!

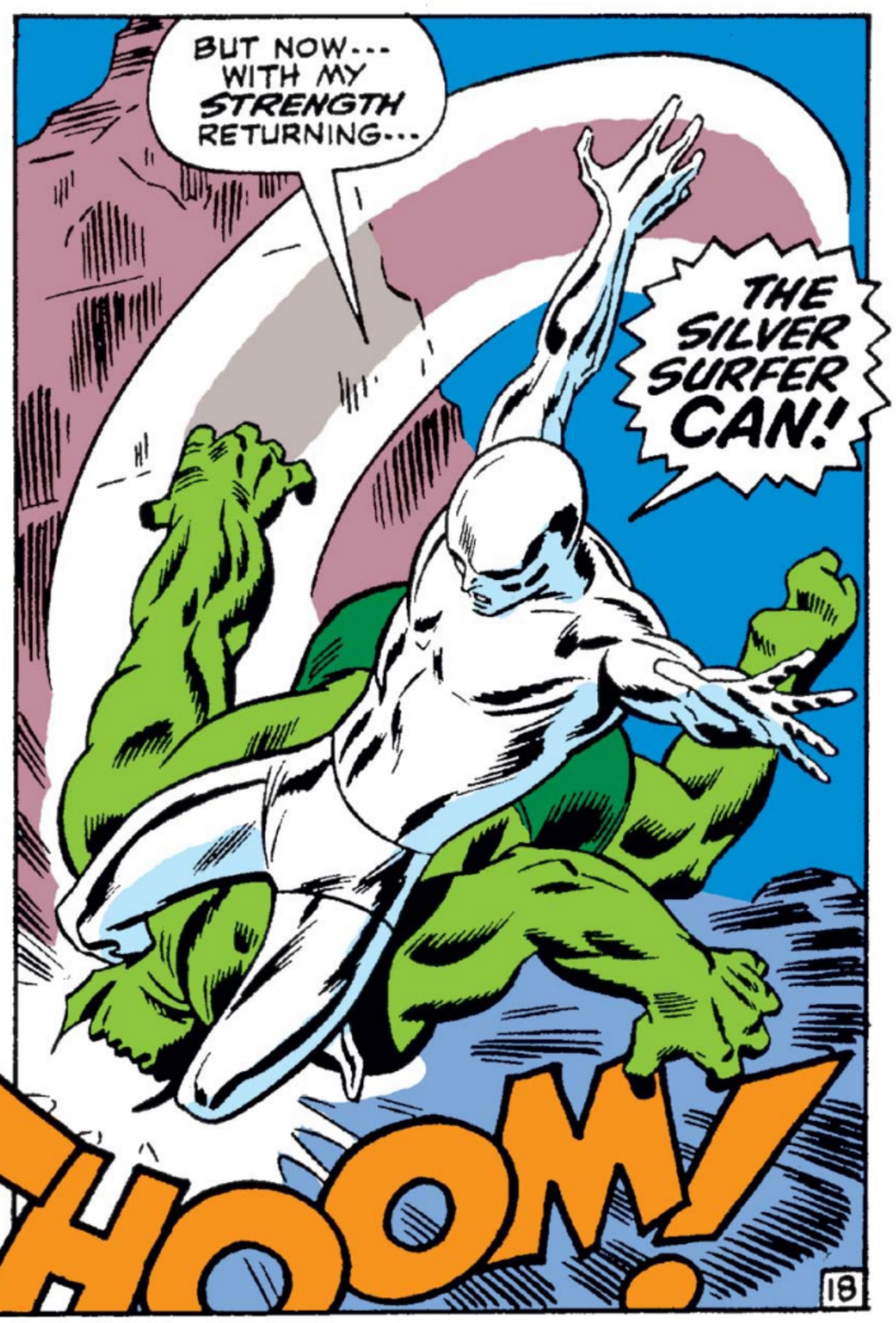
HE LIVES BUT TO KILL!
WITH SUCH AS HE...THERE CAN BE NO MERCY...NO APPEAL!
ZAK!

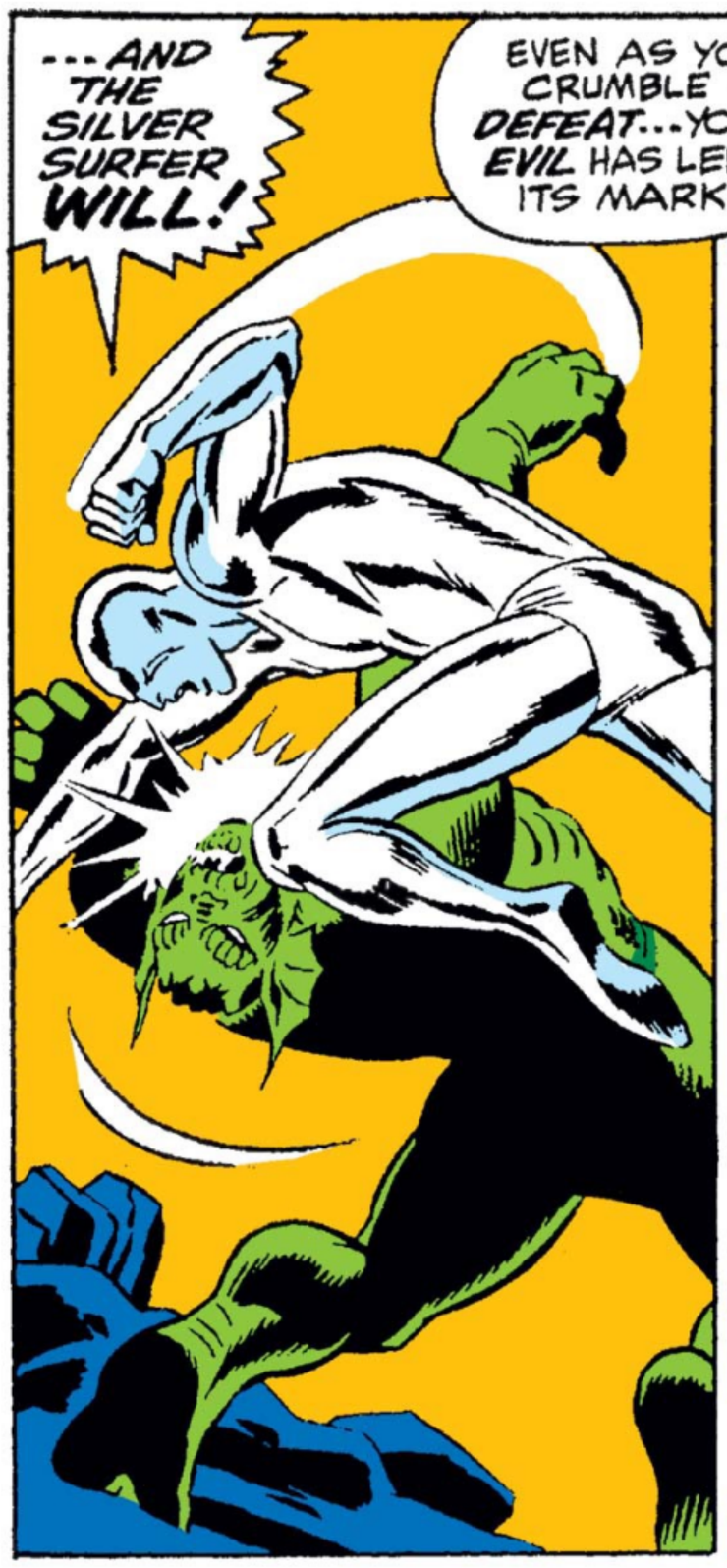

AND SO THE CURTAIN RISES... UPON THE FINAL ACT!


I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE FOOL ENOUGH TO DIVE RIGHT INTO MY ARMS!

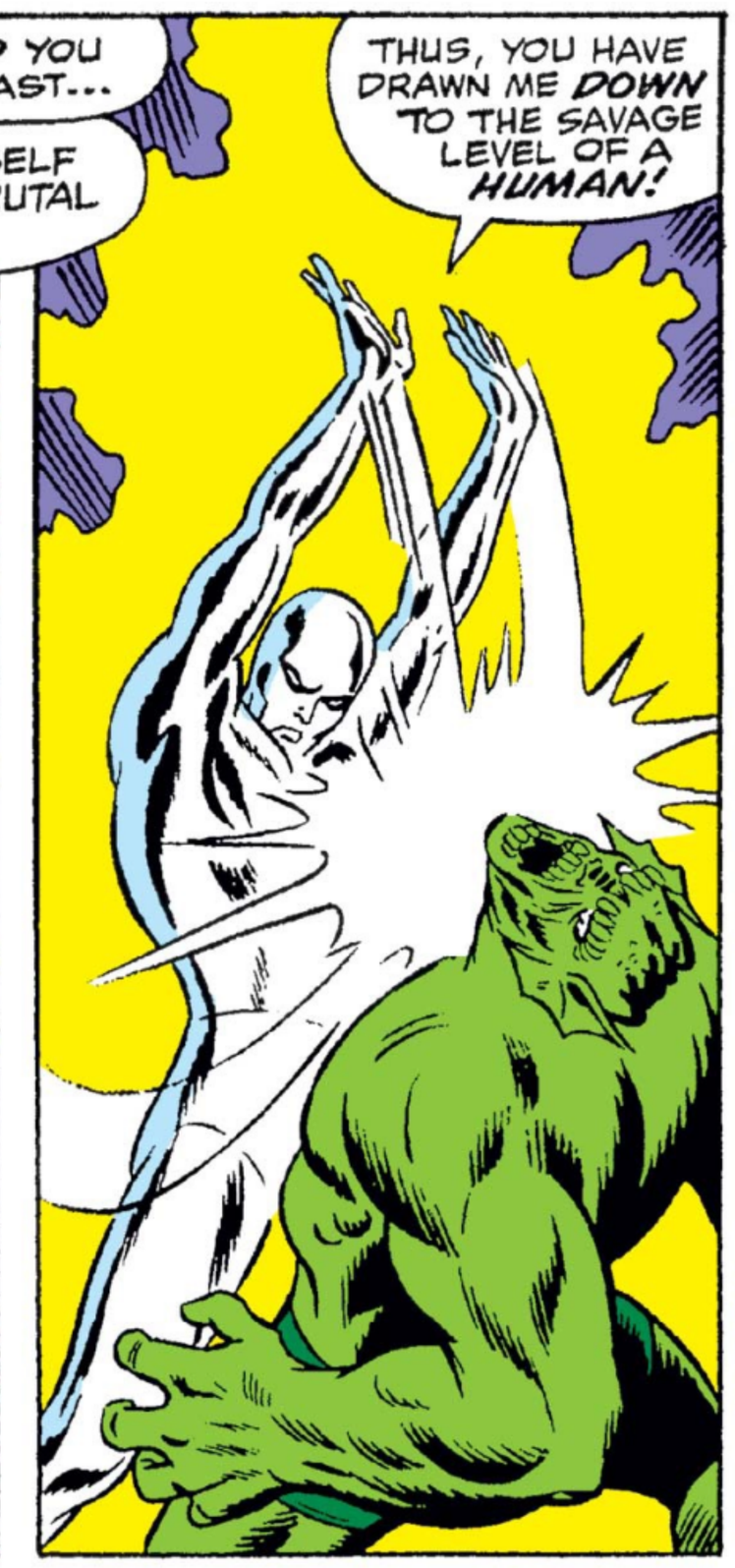
I'LL CRUSH YOU... LIKE AN EGG-SHELL!

YOU HAVE CHOSEN A MOST UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON!
--FOR AN EGGSHELL CANNOT FIGHT BACK!


BUT NOW... WITH MY STRENGTH RETURNING...
THE SILVER SURFER CAN!
THOOM!


...AND THE SILVER SURFER WILL!

EVEN AS YOU CRUMBLE IN DEFEAT...YOUR EVIL HAS LEFT ITS MARK!
FOR SUCH IS THE HATRED YOU HAVE INSTILLED IN MY BREAST...
...THAT I FIND MYSELF RELISHING THIS BRUTAL THING I DO!

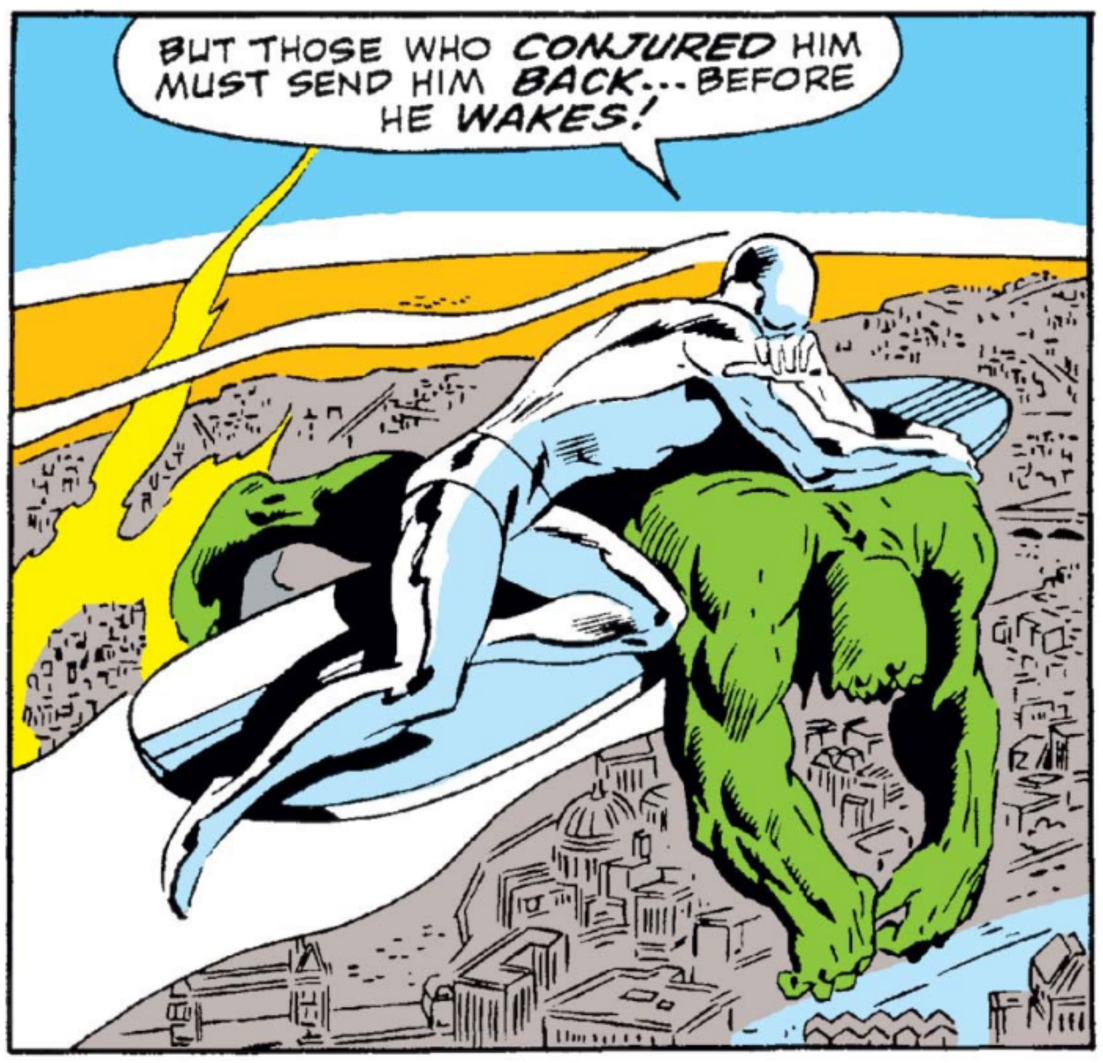

THUS, YOU HAVE DRAWN ME DOWN TO THE SAVAGE LEVEL OF A HUMAN!

OR IS IT THE PLANET ITSELF...THAT MAKES MONSTERS OF US ALL?

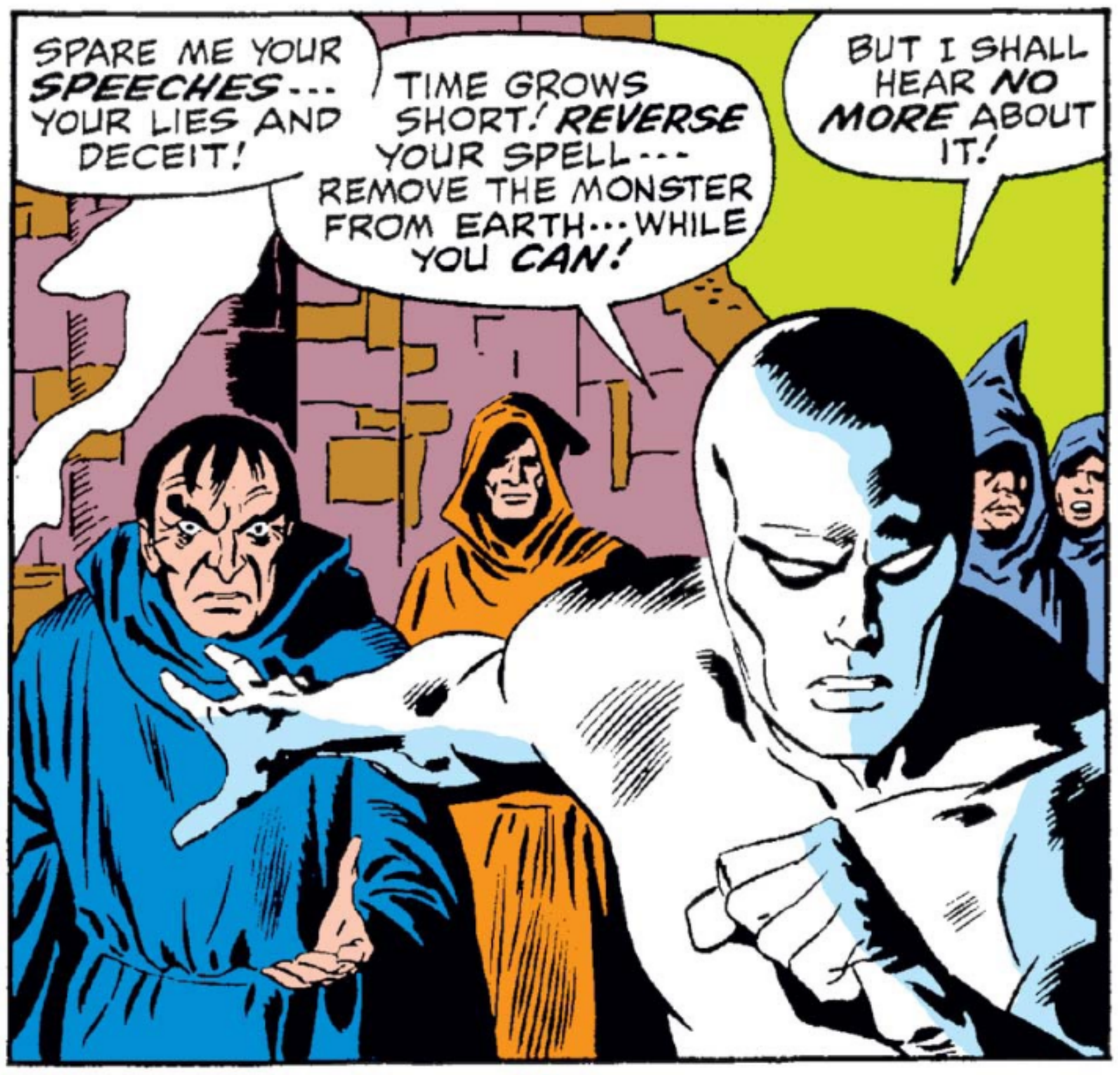
NO! NO! NO! I SHALL NOT WIN THE BATTLE... YET LOSE THE CAUSE!
LET THERE BE NO MORE OF FIGHTING! LET THERE BE AN END TO RAGE!

LET THE POWER COSMIC TOUCH YOUR BROW...AND STILL THE FURY IN YOUR HEART!

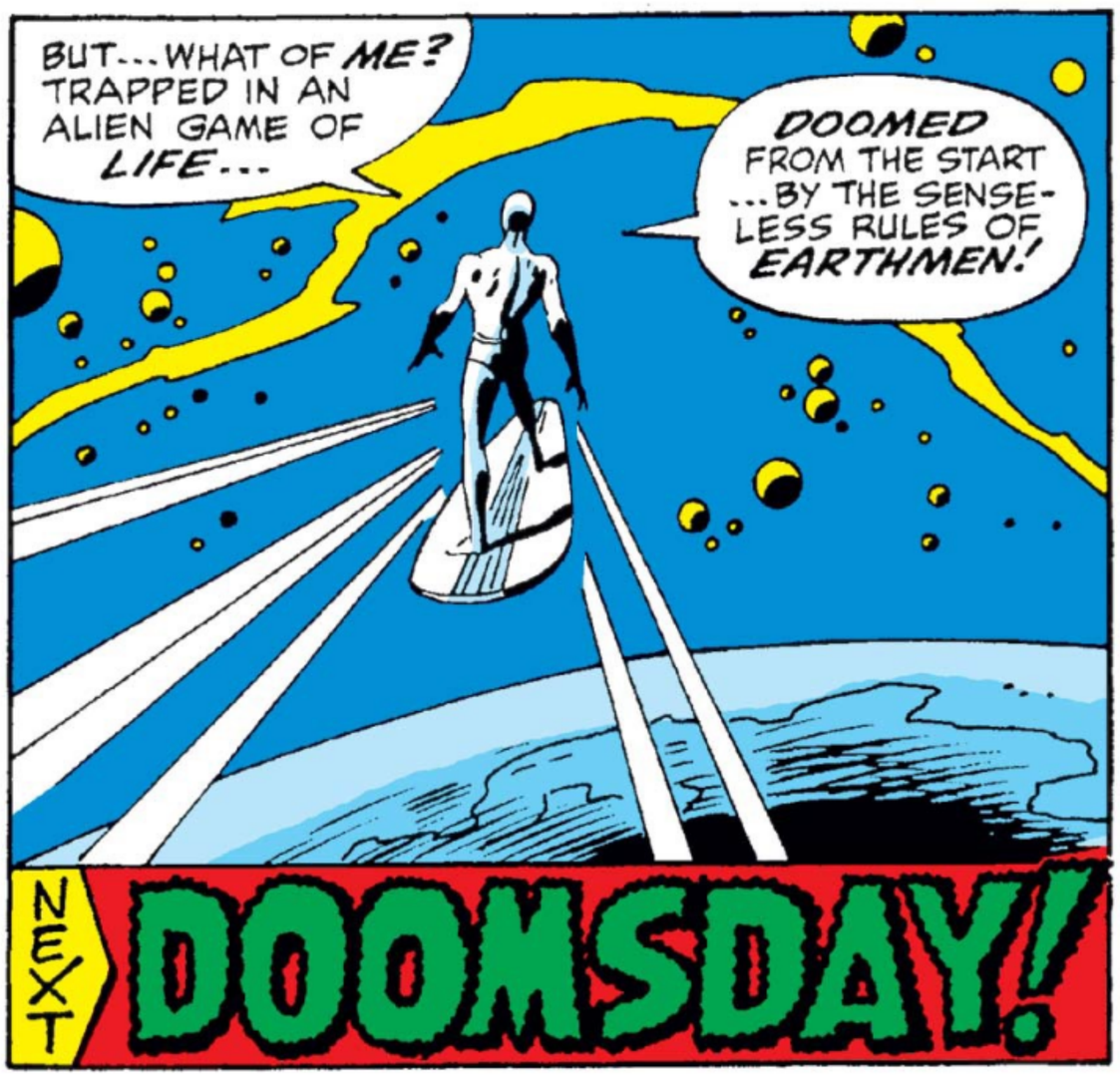
IT IS OVER! HE WILL SLEEP THE LONG NIGHT THRU!


BUT THOSE WHO CONJURED HIM MUST SEND HIM BACK... BEFORE HE WAKES!

NO! NO! IT CANNOT BE! THE SURFER HAS WON! HE'S DEFEATED THE ABOMINATION!


SPARE ME YOUR SPEECHES... YOUR LIES AND DECEIT!
TIME GROWS SHORT! REVERSE YOUR SPELL... REMOVE THE MONSTER FROM EARTH... WHILE YOU CAN!
BUT I SHALL HEAR NO MORE ABOUT IT!

YOU WEAR THE TRAPPINGS OF AN ANCIENT CULT... AND MOUTH THEIR ANCIENT WORDS...
AND YOU CALL IT WITCH-CRAFT!
MEN! YOU ARE LIKE CHILDREN... PLAYING ADULT GAMES WHICH YOU CAN NEVER COMPREHEND!


BUT... WHAT OF ME? TRAPPED IN AN ALIEN GAME OF LIFE...
DOOMED FROM THE START ...BY THE SENSE-LESS RULES OF EARTHMEN!
NEXT
DOOMSDAY!

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE SURFER?

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 625 MADISON AVE. N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Dear Stan and John,

So ends a noble experiment. SILVER SURFER was the only important comic magazine which attempted to escape the standard-size format in recent times; and I, at least, was enthusiastic about the results. The extra length of the Surfer tales gave them a scope and interest which was difficult to find in a regular size mag; the excellent art and writing was somehow enhanced. I would have been glad to see other Marvel mags as 25-cent bi-monthlies. But alas, even for SS the experiment has ended with the reduction to 15-cent size. And I'm afraid that monthly publication won't make up for it entirely. I suspect that the cause was less reader demand than economic necessity; with the recent price hike of regular mags, the 25-cent SURFER was more than twice the material for less than twice the price. But I'd rather see the large size format retained with a price rise to thirty cents, if necessary. You might poll readers about this possibility.

SILVER SURFER #8, the first regular-size issue, was better than #7; but almost anything would have been better than the farce that was #7. The story was handicapped by being originally written as a 40-pager and then split up; it was cut off just as the action started. I'll have to wait until #9 to finish it and judge. The art was as good as usual, with Dan Adkins making a very competent inker. SILVER SURFER has been for most of its history one of Marvel's most unique and high-quality strips. Despite my criticisms and prophecies of doom, I think it can remain so, despite the format change, if the staffers continue to put all their talent and effort into the mag.

Bill Henley, Jr., 8681 Pleasantwood St. N.
North Canton, Ohio 44720

It was sort of a noble experiment, wasn't it? Well, the truth of the matter is the opposite of what you suspect, Bill. It was economic necessity rather than less reader demand—y' see, dealers like to line up all the 15-cent books in nice, neat rows, and unfortunately for the SURFER, the 25-cent books get stuck under the counter. So the poor old Surfer gets dusty while prospective readers could never seem to find him. Rather than alienating the Surfer even more, we decided to make him smaller. So now he gets put in the nice, neat rows with the other 15-cent mags and everybody takes him home. We've got to keep him happy, y' know. But we'll keep working our little fingers to the bone . . . and he'll be just as great as ever!

Dear Stan and John,

On my right is SILVER SURFER #7 and on my left are the novel FRANKENSTEIN and a magazine called Famous Monsters of Filmland. Ish #7 was great, except for two things. Stan, you goofed. Here is what I mean. On pages 13 and 14, you have Frankenstein watching films of Victor Frankenstein creating the first Frankenstein Monster. Stan, according to the World Book Encyclopedia, Edison made a device that made pictures appear to move in 1889. In Mary Shelley's book, the Monster and Frankenstein died in seventeen-something (she didn't give a date) but it should prove that there were no motion pictures when the monster lived, much less **color** films!

Now John, I come to your mistake on page 14. You drew Victor Frankenstein as a white-haired old man (the mad scientist type) but in the book, a ship found Frankenstein at the North Pole. Would an old man be able to survive the cold up there? Even the movie industry knew this when they had Colin Clive play the good doctor.

Eric Eddins, 300 Drilling St.
Morrilton, Ark. 72110

Actually, Eric, the solution is quite simple. Don't you think that a guy who can instill life in an inanimate creature could have beat Edison by a mere hundred years with a simple camera and projector? Have you no faith, Marvelite? And, to the best of our knowledge, Victor never made it up to the North Pole, but if he had, don't you think he would have taken along his super-vitamins? And as for Colin Clive—well, you can't expect Hollywood to think of any thing as simple as super-vitamins!

Dear Stan and the Bullpen,

My mom was getting fed up with me spending my money on comics (two to three dollars) and thought I was getting too old for funny books anyway. I couldn't explain to her that your comics were different from the ones she read as a kid, so I thought fast and gave her my pile of SILVER SURFER mags. In my opinion, SILVER SURFER expresses things the way an adult can identify with and enjoy the reading. Well, I'm happy to report that she is a devoted SILVER SURFER fan, and when she has time she reads your other mags. She even shares half the cost with me!

By the way, before anyone writes Marvel a letter telling them how bad the comic was that they just read, try this: Sit down and try to think of a good twenty page story and then illustrate it. I did, and I didn't even get to first base with it. So keep in mind all the work Stan and the rest of the guys put in every month before you jump down their throats.

Ron Sorrells, 2595 Victory Ln.
Medford, Ore. 97501

Now that you really are a Keeper of the Flame, Ron, we hope that other fans will pick up the hint and get mom and dad into the Marvel fold. And it certainly is true about all the brain-wracking that goes into every issue . . . but just take our word for it, gang. Our cup runneth over . . . !

KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF MARVELDOM:

R.F.O. (Real Frantic One)—A buyer of at least 3 Marvel mags a month.

T.T.B. (Titanic True Believer) — A divinely-inspired 'No-Prize' winner.

Q.N.S. (Quite 'Nuff Sayer) — A fortunate frantic one who's had a letter printed.

K.O.F. (Keeper Of the Flame) — One who recruits a newcomer to Marvel's rollickin' ranks.

P.M.M. (Permanent Marvelite Maximus) — Anyone possessing all four of the other titles.

F.F.F. (Fearless Front-Facer) — An honorary title bestowed for devotion to Marvel above and beyond the call of duty.

Dear Stan and John,

I have not written this missive to comment on ish #8, but to comment on the letters in that last issue's column.

In order: Gabriel Barbeau "proved" that the Surfer could not have passed through time in issue #6 because, according to Einstein, "when any form of object approaches the speed of light, the particles composing it increase in volume and the object slows down, thus making it impossible to pass the speed of light." I beg to differ. And Einstein would too. The property of matter to increase in volume and slow down as it approaches the velocity of light, as explained by Barbeau, is not correct according to Einstein. Actually, what happens to matter is it grows shorter along the direction of travel and increase in mass as the speed increases until, at the speed of light, the object would have no length and infinite mass, a seeming impossibility. If the speed was attained, however, time would cease to pass for the object, so it would not age while the outside did. Slow it down to normal and it would have, in effect, travelled through time. These first two properties (length and mass) effect only normal matter, however. The retaining force of inertia tending to hold an object back is what sets an object up for the paradox of light speed. If an object were to lack inertia, it could attain and even surpass the speed of light, having no force changing it. However, an almost infinite source of energy is needed to render something inertia-less. The Surfer has that much power if any being does. Hence, he is no longer normal matter and is no longer effected by that branch of Einsteinian physics.

Next. Alan Brennert. He wondered why the Overlord had defeated the likes of the Stranger, the Watcher, Galactus, Norse and Olympian gods, the Kree, the Skrull, (and even Snoopy???) when he conqured the Universe. What Mr. Brennert overlooked was that the Overlord did not of necessity rule the future in store for this universe. When the Surfer passed through time, he existed in the timeless void known as Limbo. When he left Limbo, he may have entered any one of infinite futures. This is what is so convenient about tales of the future: you never know which of the infinite possibilities the Fates will choose to happen. The Overlord's future may remain stranded in Limbo.

I forgot Mr. Stewart's question of logic. The reason the Surfer did not enter the past was very simple, J. Scott. If he had, he would have ruined a perfectly good plot by Messr. Lee!

And may I have the honor, Mr. Chairman, of nominating Mr. Jonas for the "Best Letter of the Year" Award? (And the Bullpen for the "Modesty of the Year" Award for your answer?!)

Seems like I'm always solving problems. Wonder if Peter Parker would pay me to solve his?

Ernest Black II, 9 Merrill Dr.
Framingham, Mass.

You've certainly taken a load off our minds, figuring out all those clever answers, Ernest. We really think you ought to get together with Bill Rogers. The two of you would make a great team, and think of all the time it would save. And of course you may have the honor of nominating Mr. Jonas for any award you like. But who's having a contest??? (You don't have to remind us of our modesty—we're constantly patting ourselves on the back for it!)

Dear Stan and John,

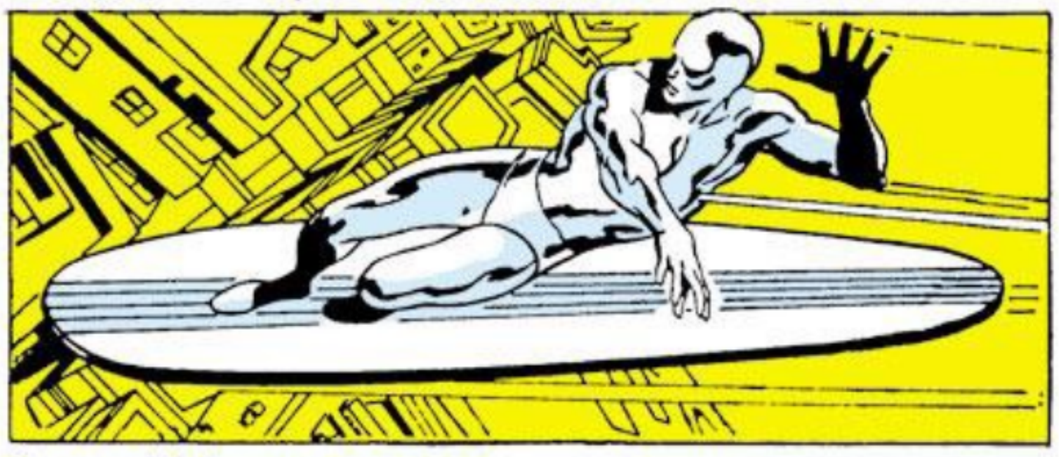
In SILVER SURFER #7 you have the latest addition to the Frankenstein family watching his ancestor, Victor Frankenstein reviving the alien android which the X-Men fought and destroyed in X-MEN #40. Professor X told how, after probing the monster's brain, he found that the monster ran amuck after being placed on Earth by an alien race and was subdued by them in the Arctic. Victor could have found the deactivated android, and, assuming that it was a corpse, revived it. (After all, it seems that grave-robbing runs in the family.) This doesn't fit in with Mary Shelley's novel, but it fits in with the mag. That's what's important.

Also in SILVER SURFER #7 the Surfer is bemoaning his imprisonment upon Earth, but it doesn't occur to him just to shoot into the future and pass outside of the then defunct barrier (as he did in #6) and then buzz right back into the past. It's just that simple. Unless . . . in time travel, one cannot travel backwards unless he backtracks along the same path he took to get there. If one does not travel the path made by ripping the threads of time-space asunder, one can become endlessly lost in the jumble of dimensions, counter-dimensions, and dimensional barriers.

You got all the answers, all you need are the right questions to fit them.

Bill Rogers, 1005 N. Harrison
San Angeloe, Texas

While you sit puzzling over new answers for us, we'll politely decline your generous offer. Y'see Bill, answers are our line. How about some questions???



Stan and John—

I have completed SILVER SURFER #8, "Now Strikes the Ghost." In it you have introduced a most hellish demon, Mephisto, fashioned after Mephistopholis in that piece of Elizabethan tragedy, DOCTOR FAUSTUS. In the Marlowe epilogue, Mephistopholis appears to possess very much the same qualities and characteristics as your Mephisto. Both are corruptable and contaminated with venomous evil and lust.

The question and the point of my epistle is not to correlate the two. It would be pointless because presumably, both are the same one under a different title. This is what I wish to have clarified: is your Mephisto the personification of death itself? Then he certainly would not be positioned in hell, let alone heaven. No, death can be ruled out, for a diagram of the world seen after death would have death placed between heaven and hell. Mephisto's battle to corrupt the incorruptable is a contest between pure evil and pure good. On the first page, Mephisto exclaims, "Of all who have lived since time's first dawning . . ." This is evidence of Mephisto's immortality. Now compare this with the parable which greets Dante and Virgil as they descend into hell:

" . . . Only those elements time cannot wear
Were made before me, and beyond time stand.
Abandon all hope ye who enter here."

Well sires, you have greeted your reader similarly, providing an element of the eternal.

Why should Mephisto seek souls? He is not death and he is not the devil himself. He cannot be after souls for himself, he could not have a domain to reign over them, except in hell. Therefore, where does he reign? Does he reign, or does he do someone's bidding?

Stan, you have implied the Christian God in the past, and presently, the Christian heaven and hell. On page 4, Mephisto states that the Surfer will be out of his reach forever if he is killed. This is because the Surfer, representing good, would enter heaven for eternity, according to our beliefs.

Where, then, is your purgatory? Mephisto has, over the eons, corrupted even the strong-willed. This would categorize him in hell as a seducer. Then, doesn't this make him a sinner, therefore a servant in hell, who must be punished eternally with permeating pain? How can any immortal be evil? Immortality is not deservingly acquired by the evil, which arouses another question: Who bestows immortality?

Mace Kalas
Valhalla, New York 10595

Looks like we'll have to put on our thinking caps for this one! First of all, you state that it would be pointless to correlate our Mephisto with Marlowe's Mephistopholis because they are the same. So your own knowledge of Mephistopholis answers most of your own questions! But you do call Mephisto immortal. Immortality is the gift of eternal life—i.e., salvation. Any being who may walk freely between earth and the realms below cannot be, within your, context, immortal. They are experencing, rather, eternal—damnation. It is the evil who, according to Christian belief, experience this eternal death rather than immortality. And as to who bestows this immortality—well, if we knew, do you think we'd be here writing comic books? Whew!